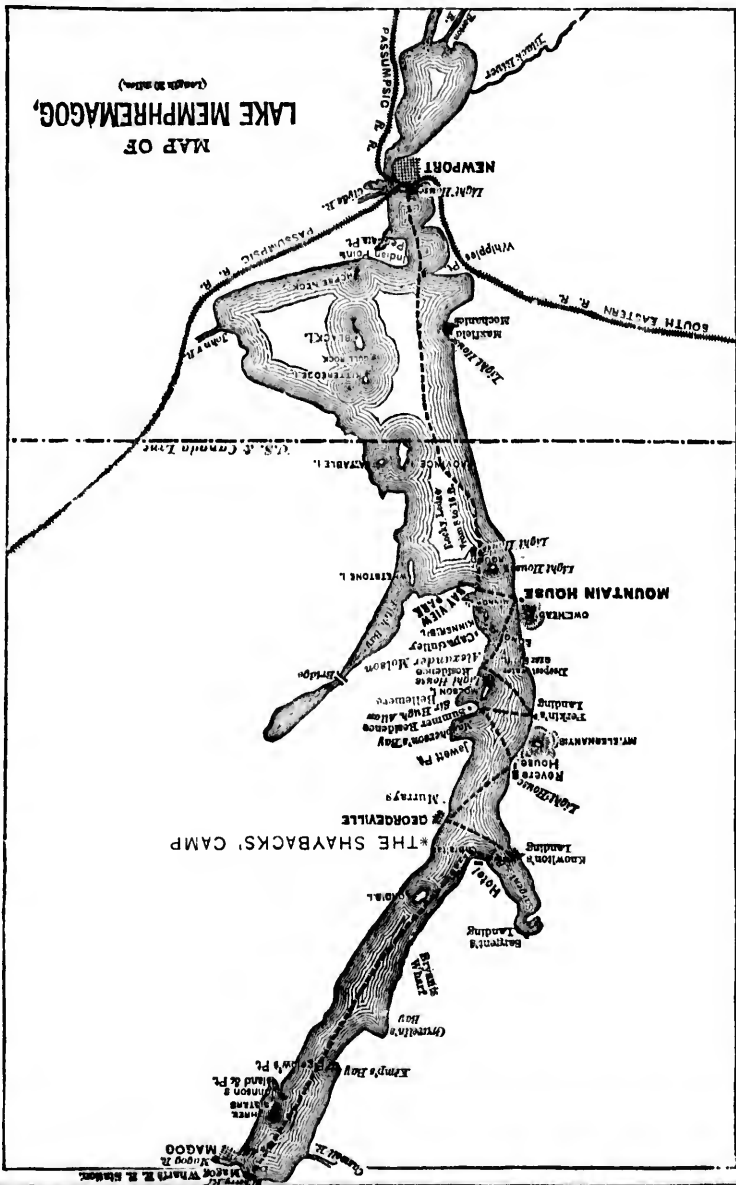


**MAP OF
LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG,**

(Length 30 miles)



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THE
SHAYBACKS IN CAMP

TEN SUMMERS UNDER CANVAS

BY
SAMUEL J. BARROWS
AND
ISABEL C. BARROWS

Two voices are there. — WORDSWORTH

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea. — MONTGOMERY



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To
OUR LITTLE LASSIE,
WHO IN THESE TEN SUMMERS HAS SWUNG IN THE HAMMOCK,
FLOATED ON THE WAVE,
AND LEARNED TO PADDLE HER OWN CANOE.



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PREFACE.



THE custom of taking a summer rest is becoming a fixed habit in American business and professional life. What to do with this annual period is often a puzzle. Many people spend half their vacation in finding out how to enjoy the other half. For the last ten years the Shaybacks have found a practical solution to this question in camping out. The success of this form of recreation depends largely in knowing how to do it. The writers offer no formal treatise on this subject, but the following transcripts from their own experience will illustrate its various methods and possibilities. One definite aim of this book has been to show that this is by

no means a distinctly masculine recreation, but that the ideal camp is the family camp.

Many of the Shayback sketches have appeared in the "Christian Register" and in "Outing." These have been revised or rewritten. Other chapters are added which have not before been in print.

Those who read the chapters on "Camp Cooking," "Massawippi," and the account of camping in India may naturally regret that Mrs. Barrows's name is not attached to a larger number of these sketches. The only consolation I can offer is that her own achievements in camp life would not have received justice had they been left to the record of her modest pen.

S. J. B.

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THE SHAYBACKS IN CAMP.



CHAPTER I.

GYPSYING IN MAINE.

IF all the items had been put down in the way-bill, they would have run somewhat in this wise : —

- 1 gypsy minister.
- 1 gypsy minister's wife.
- 1 gypsy maiden, — Arline.
- 1 gypsy child, Pusskin, a four-year-oldster.
- 1 gypsy chum, Thomas.
- 1 trunk.
- 1 valise.
- 1 camp-stove.
- 1 tiny kerosene stove.
- 1 wall tent.
- 1 A tent.
- 125 feet lumber.
- 1 box canned fruit.

- 1 box crackers.
- 1 box utensils.
- 2 straw beds.
- 10 lbs. sugar, loose in a box.
- 2 loaves of bread on top of the sugar.
- 1 axe.
- 1 saw.
- 1 hammer.
- 1 gal. kerosene oil.
- 3 lbs. nails.
- 1 roll blankets and pillows.
- 1 lantern.
- 1 bundle waterproofs.
- Various odds and ends.

At the time we contemplate it, the whole of the above-mentioned outfit is loaded on a hay-rack for the forward movement we are about to describe. The point of departure was a beautiful white birch grove on the banks of the Penobscot, which our Methodist brethren had preëmpted for camp-meeting purposes. Here, at the kind suggestion of Tom, we had spent a pleasant week with this zealous, open-hearted tribe of Israel, worshiping under the same vine and birch-tree, and even singing the "Gospel Songs" in the Methodist choir.

The grove was thickly crowded with cottages and tents, the latter consisting for the most part of wooden frames covered with cotton cloth. The Shaybacks began by hiring one of the largest of these tents at the reasonable rate of two dollars a week. They had preceded the regular camp-meeting by about a week, and had caught but the auroral flush of the dawning excitement. The tribe was expected in great force after the formal opening.

Mr. Shayback, being a minister, was delighted to be waked up at half-past four in the morning by the loud-voiced man in the next tent, who fervently poured out his spirit at that hour before going forth to fish. There was an unconditional frankness about it. This man had no secrets from the Lord; none from the rest of the camp-meeting. Mrs. Shayback, with slumbering impiety, could not share the delight of her husband at being roused so early in the morning. Arline likewise seemed to wish that the vociferous representative of early piety would pray, if pray he must, like ancient Hannah, who "spake in

her heart ; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard." There was a moving quality about this brother's prayers. It moved him early in the morning ; it moved the Shaybacks also. It finally resulted in moving them out of the camp-ground altogether. They longed for more rest and solitude ; they longed to listen to some of those secrets of Nature which she will only disclose in a private interview.

Thomas and Mr. Shayback went on an exploring expedition. They discovered a beautiful point some four miles down the river. It was promptly decided to migrate. The Shaybacks paid their bills, returned thanks to Mr. Calderwood, the kindly superintendent, hired a hay-rack, and loaded it with the afore-mentioned passengers and freight. A sorrel horse was invited to furnish the motive power, and Thomas undertook the responsible task of teamster. Of the religion of that horse there is great uncertainty. He either did not believe in the perseverance of the saints, or else modestly

refused to consider himself of their number. Ready-to-Halt is the name which most nearly corresponded with his character. His readiness in this direction was sometimes an inconvenience. Of the religion of Thomas I can speak with more certainty after having seen him drive this horse. Thomas has since maintained that the horse was maligned. He, however, did nothing to malign him. A mule, according to army notions, will not pull unless his character is blackened with opprobrious epithets. Thomas, however, drove his horse by reins, not curses.

Will any of the martyrs of travel tell us what are the glories of riding on a rail compared with those of riding on a rack? The "hay" on this occasion was altogether a fiction; the "rack" was a positive and jubilant fact. Thomas took his seat in the bow, Mrs. Shayback and the four-year-oldster amidships, Rev. Mr. Shayback and Arline sitting in the stern. Thomas gathered up the rudder lines and we rolled off. Up the slight incline the sorrel moved with much delibera-

tion until we struck a level stretch of road, when our pilot called for more steam and the sorrel swung into a brisk trot. What an unreportable exhilaration, especially on the "hind end" of the rack! There is no place where you can get so much motion out of the same amount of ride, especially if you discard all enervating cushions and ride on the top of a box of loose habits. When you first start you are conscious of sitting on the box. But this consciousness gradually leaves you as the vibration rises from your feet and ascends in a continuous ague through every bone in your body. You are no longer riding on a box, you are riding on a tremor. You are insulated from head to foot in an ecstatic thrill. Suddenly the hind wheels strike a rock or drop into a hole. You fly into the air. When you come down you feel perfectly certain that the box is under you, and that it succeeded in getting down first. If the ancient martyrs had only been put on a rack of this kind instead of those then in use, they might have ridden to heaven with-

out jarring anybody's feelings but their own. "How invigorating this is," thought Mr. Shayback, as he bobbed up and down on the box with uncertain rhythm. "I don't believe, though, that I should make a very good battering ram. A man needs an iron constitution to make a good hammer. One ought to wear his winter clothes and have his bones well sheathed in fat to do justice to the end of a hay-rack."

A cry of distress from Arline sent a thrill through every nerve.

"Stop! stop! The sugar! the sugar!"

Thomas brought old sorrel close up to the wind, threw out his anchor, seized a spoon, and sprang to the rescue. The box containing ten pounds of sugar (at thirteen cents a pound) had tumbled through the rack. There was a beautiful white wake of sugar in the middle of the road, and close by lay the mangled remains of a loaf of bread,—not much mangled, either, for the wheel had gone through it lengthwise, and cut it in two as clean almost as if it had been done with a

knife. It was a melancholy sight, but we gathered the fragments and spooned up the dust with care (not more than one spoonful of sand to two of sugar), and Thomas, who knows some of the secrets of the grocery business, declared we had made money by the operation. When we started again, Arline thought there was a little too much *staccato* at the extreme end of the wagon, and moved forward to seek a smoother *legato*.

“Port your helm, Tom ; port, my boy ;” and Thomas pulled out just in time to avoid a three-foot precipice at the edge of the road. The old sorrel did not seem to mind the rudder very well. He was too fond of tacking, even when he had a free wind.

Presently we came to the foot of a high and exceedingly steep bluff. Its angle was absolutely painful, and its great height discouraging to all aspiration. Ready-to-Halt seemed to lose heart when he looked at it. Job, in his masterly description of the horse, speaks of his swallowing the ground. He did not refer to this horse, for Ready-to-Halt

seemed to have no appetite for this hill whatever; and though the load was far from heavy, it *did* seem a big hill for one horse to swallow. Just at the foot of the slope was a little house. A blind man here had gained local repute by his skill in telling fortunes. Arline, though metaphorically a gypsy herself, was very desirous of testing his prophetic power, and, with Mrs. Shayback, proposed to do it as the load went up the hill. The fortune-teller would have had plenty of time to spin his fables had he waited for the accomplishment of this lofty intent. But Ready-to-Halt did not propose to go up there without all the help that he could get. He took a little bite of the slope and then stopped to digest it. Mr. Shayback shouted for the ladies. They came quickly to the rescue, and the fortune-teller was robbed of his gain. A man sitting listlessly in his doorway prophesied that we could "never get up the hill." This was a cheerful assurance to begin with. What should we do? If just then we could have borrowed a half mile of

Hoosac Tunnel! But the biggest tunnel we had was a three-inch stovepipe. It would cost us a million dollars to cut a road through that hill, and there was no time to spare. It would have taken us four miles out of our way to go round. So we chose the hill itself. No, *we* did not choose it; the choice was Hobson's. Happily the ladies had on their neat, pretty gymnastic suits, with skirts dropping to the top of their boots. They did not have to bind their hands in holding up their dresses.

“Now, Arline, take a stone and be ready to block the wheel when R. T. Halt comes to a stop; and, Mrs. Shayback, take another, and meanwhile push all you can.”

Ready-to-Halt makes a start. We put all our strength into the wheel; up we go, about thirty feet, when the horse suddenly halts, and the whole load comes upon our shoulders, and horse, too, for that matter, as he leans comfortably back upon the rack. The wagon begins to back. It is a precarious moment. If it once gets under way, no one knows

what will become of the load. Just in the nick of time the women cleverly throw the stones under the wheels, and we breathe freer.

The listless man at the foot of the hill shouts, "You can *never* get up *that* hill!"

We begin to think there is some truth in his statement. We also think he would be kinder if he were to come up and put his shoulder to the wheel. We give Ready a good rest, and try it again. Ready is not balky, but he insists on having plenty of blowing stops, and we cannot tell just when he thinks one necessary till he halts, and that is generally at the wrong place. We have no whip, but Mr. Shayback shouts at the top of his lungs in a manner to frighten the beast out of his wits, if he were a horse of any tenderness of hearing. How we toil and sweat! How bravely the women work! And the four-year-oldster bears it very patiently, too, trudging along by the side of the road. If we could only hitch up some of that strong camp-meeting butter with the sorrel, how smartly they could draw that load!

We worked at it over an hour. It was truly a Hill of Difficulty, and the original hill of that name never tried the patience of Christian more than this tried ours. When half-way up we came to the most critical point, a section so steep that ascent seemed impossible. We took a good rest. Then summoning all the strength we could command, tongue-power, hand-power, foot-power, we gained this strategic point.

As we sat there panting by the roadside, the horse the least weary of the group, a man came up with a yoke of oxen and stopped a little distance behind our wagon. His attitude and bearing were mercenary rather than generous or helpful.

“A fine day,” said we.

“Fine day,” said he.

“Pretty big hill to climb.”

“Yes; are you stuck?”

“Stuck! stuck!” we exclaimed, with well-feigned surprise, “What made you think so?”

“Well, a man down there said you were

stuck. He said you never could get up that hill."

What a strange man! What could have put such a notion in his head?

The oxen-driver seemed very sorry that we were *not* stuck. We had a tough little piece of hill to climb yet, but he did not offer to help us. He was waiting for a bargain, the best bargain he could get. His team could be hired for a dollar. Had he offered to give us a lift we should have been glad to pay him for his generosity; but when he insinuated that we could not get up without him, he raised all the pluck we had left. Arline was especially indignant. We started up old Ready; the ladies took hold; we carried the hill in triumph.

Oh, glorious vision of beauty! We sat a moment on the hard-won summit to enjoy it. Below us the beautiful Penobscot, dotted with sails, cleft with wood-crowned isles, and indented with lovely coves. There is Islesboro, parting the waters of the broad bay, sprinkled here and there with cottages, and covered

with groves. It hangs together by a little thread of land in the middle, over which the tide might almost wash. A dozen poetic little islands, with prosaic names (Flat, Highland, Seventy-five Acre, Hog Island, etc.), form the satellites in this beautiful archipelago. Five miles away Searsport nestles on the hillside, glistening in the sun. Below it we catch a view of Belfast Bay. Just opposite, Castine is marked by that white lighthouse which in the distance looks like a little salt-cruet. Off to the east lies Sedgwick, and farther to the south, Deer Island. The bold outlines of the Camden hills are capped with mists as they rise into the sky, which to the east bends down to kiss the sleeping ocean. Hill and dale, isle, cove, and peninsula, the peaceful river, the ample bay, and the ocean-breadth beyond, all bathed in sunlight or toned with shade, formed one of the most lovely panoramic views we had ever seen.

“A man must climb,” said Mr. Shayback, “if he is going to have a broad view of either moral or physical relations. It costs

work to climb ; but it pays." I suspect that Mr. Shayback will be carting this hill into one of his sermons, or selling it to the religious press at so much a ton.

We were on the hill ; how were we to get down ? No lock-chain, no break. We tried to extemporize one. Mr. Shayback undertook to hold the wheels with a tent-pole. His ministry was not very successful. It would have been a sin to break a tent-pole. If he sinned at all he determined, in the words of the Prophet, to sin "with a cart-rope." We found the cart-rope in the wagon, and tied it to the back axle. Mr. Shayback and the ladies took hold and held back with all their strength.

Ready was a splendid horse on the breeching. There is a difference in horses as in men. You find horses that are good on the breeching that are not much on the tug, and horses that are good on the tug that are not much on the breeching ; just as you find men that have go-ahead power but not much stay-power, or men that have stay-power who have no forward vim. Ready was a stay-back

horse. As Tom said, "He went backward pretty well, going forwards." We descended the hill as slowly as a respectable funeral, presenting, I dare say, a very comical appearance, and reminding one of the appendage to Captain Crosstree in Robson's "Black-eyed Susan." Stretched out like the tail of a kite, grasping the knotted line till hands were almost blistered, Mr. Shayback, Mrs. Shayback, and Arline lay back on the rope till they almost touched the ground, and disputed every foot of the way. Completely begrimed with dust, the coatless Mr. Shayback looked more like a deacon than a minister, if we cling to the old derivation of "deacon" (*διά, κόμισ*, "one who is dusty with running"). The little four-year-old trudging after, the fat hands filled with asters and golden-rod, was the one bright spot in the picture. When Thomas let the sorrel out, as we reached the bottom, we were jerked around in a very lively manner, like a fish on the end of a line. It was very well for him to shout, "Let her run now." It was quite another thing, under the

downward impulse, to stop running ourselves.

We threw up our hats when we reached Captain Wright's gate. The sun had set. It was too late to pitch the tents. We had been three hours and a quarter in coming the four miles! At this rate, Thomas will never be elected to a membership in the Society for the Promotion of Cruelty to Animals. We thanked him for his care, were sorry he had to go back, and besought him not to drive so fast on his way home. Captain Wright, an old seaman, and his wife gave us a cordial welcome. We never found a more hospitable roof, though it is doubtful if they had ever read the story of Baucis and Philemon, or expected reward for their trouble.

The next morning the two tents were pitched side by side on a beautiful spot, which was christened "Fern Point." As Thomas was obliged to remain at Northport with his family, the gypsy camp was reduced to Mr. and Mrs. Shayback, Pusskin, and Arline. Mr. Shayback had camped before for months

on the Western plains; Mrs. Shayback had camped in India; but this was the first attempt of the Shayback family to camp together. As we recall that first family camp on the banks of the Penobscot the party seems small, the outfit meagre, the appliances rude. But the situation was lovely, the companionship delightful, and the rest and quietude grateful. When the camp historian wrote his letter to the "Christian Register" he gave a pen-and-ink sketch of the situation which we like to preserve in the vividness of the present tense: —

“ And now our tents are pitched on a beautiful, grassy peninsula, whose rocky feet are washed by the waters of the bay. The little cove which it shelters is fringed with woods of spruce and cedar. In this cove we find a delightful bathing-place. Reposing beneath its bed are thousands of delicious clams waiting for the revealing spade. In this cove, Charles, the fisherman, anchors his wherry and his lobster-car. Charles is a kind, obliging fellow, who has a trawl out in mid-river

with a line half a mile long and some five hundred hooks. He hauls it twice a day, and brings up varying quantities of cod, haddock, hake, etc., sometimes a dozen, sometimes one hundred and fifty at a haul. He gets plenty of mackerel with his jig. We are sure of a good supply of fish. Indeed, we can take our poles, and from the rocks before our tent-door can catch a mess of cunner at almost any time. Milk and eggs grow on our neighbor's farm. Children bring us blueberries, whortleberries, and raspberries. Our little kerosene stove is a treasure, especially on a stormy day. It is suprising how much that stove can achieve under the tuition of Mrs. Shayback and Arline, though so small it could go under a silk hat. We have plenty of drift-wood on the shore when we need the larger camp stove. Our furniture is simple. Arline sawed the boards, Mrs. Shayback measured and fitted them, and Mr. Shayback nailed them down to the joists to make a good floor for the wall-tent. An inclosure of boards in the corner was filled with spruce

boughs. On this was placed the fresh straw mattress, and the combination makes a springy, fragrant bed. Mr. Shayback occupies the A tent, where he sleeps on a rude bedstead of his own manufacture. Fresh moss dotted with violet leaves forms a beautiful carpet. The little one sleeps in a hammock suspended from stakes. Thomas made us a rough pine table, and Mr. Shayback has made a knock-kneed bench. In addition we have several very original camp-stools, contrived from driftwood by Mrs. Shayback. Bits of boards laid across fruit-cans, two or three stories high, make an excellent cupboard for the shining array of tin-ware. In good weather we cook and eat out-of-doors, and then we would not change dining-rooms with any hotel in the country. We are half a mile from the road ; we see no teams, we have no dust, no interruptions. The river in front is our roadway. The steamboats salute us as they pass. In the fogs voices from bewildered schooners sometimes shout to us to know their way. Storm or shine, we never lack for amuse-

ment. We have a compact little library in the valise. There is a great book all about us, which, for a reverent reader, hath 'a voice of gladness, and a smile and eloquence of beauty.' Now let the rain descend and the floods come and the winds blow; we shall only lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes. Here in this verdant, breezy solitude, far from the noise and the bustle of the world, we bid dull care away."

CHAPTER II.

A GYPSY CLAM-BAKE.

THE Rev. Mr. Shayback was standing shoeless on the rocks — lest, like the wicked, his feet should slide — inviting, with his fishing-pole, a few cunners to dine with him at one o'clock. The ladies had gone out to sail with George William, the young skipper. A thin veil of fog hung over the river and the hills. The landscape here is of the utmost modesty, and veils of this material are deemed indispensable at this season of the year. The sound of oars up the river attracted the reverend angler's attention. Tom had not visited them at Fern Point since the eventful journey with the sorrel some days before. He had promised to come by water the next time. His presence was daily hoped for. There was a rent in the curtain of fog,

and the long-expected boat, still wrapped in a haze of filmy blue, hove in sight. A welcoming war-whoop rang over the rocks, and was answered from the boat and by the tireless echoes in the neighboring hills, always on the watch to mimic our voices, yet doing it in such a natural and lovable way that we could not find fault with their mockery. The boat soon landed, with Tom, his wife, little Carl, and a friend. The camp was inspected, and pronounced a success; the scenery was viewed, and extolled beyond measure; but it was noticed that Tom's eyes seemed to rest with fondest admiration upon the shores of our cove.

“Clams?”

“Yes, a splendid clam-yard.”

“Mr. Shayback,” said Tom, with the tenderest emotion, “there is a void within which longs to be filled; the fact is, I am in a half-starved condition, and nothing will satisfy the unusual demands of my appetite but about half a bushel of those clams.”

“Thomas,” said Mr. Shayback, with com-

forting assurance, "you can draw on that clam-bank to any amount you wish. Your draft shall be honored. I will indorse your check immediately with a good spade."

"A clam-bake, then it is!"

We borrowed a spade and a hoe from Captain Wright. It is easy to borrow when you are camping, — much easier to borrow than it is to return. This clam-bank possessed an unusual amount of deposits, and, as the tide was low, we were just in banking hours, and found a ready payment. Mrs. Tom picked up and washed the bivalvular coin as it issued from the mint.

"Poor creatures buried alive here under the soil, how thankful they must be to be exhumed from their living graves and commended to a more honorable destiny!" And Mr. Shayback worked with that excess of zeal which many people exercise when they mistake their own pleasure for an act of charity to others.

"This is the true symbol of missionary work," thought Mr. Shayback; "it is the

minister's work to raise people from the mud ;" and he dug with still greater enthusiasm. But when he thought of the roast which was to follow he found it more difficult to reconcile it with his notions of salvation. However, he knew that the roast was but a finite evil, and that the bivalvular martyrs simply suffered translation to a higher form of existence. What better use can be made of a clam or a fish than to make it minister, through the great law of sacrifice, to human development? Mr. Shayback has no sympathy with the wanton sportsman who destroys merely for the sake of the destruction he wreaks ; who kills harmless creatures which neither he nor any one else can appropriate. It seems to him only a lower form of murder when he hears of men shooting right and left into a herd of buffalo simply to see who can make the largest score. The same is true of superfluous fishing simply to get the largest catch. But when, at the suggestion of a hungry stomach, the bullet speeds to its mark, the hook establishes a

welcome communication, — welcome, alas! at but one end, — or the inquisitive spade prosaically turns over a few fat clams, the moral conditions are altered. Think of the dignity to which this clam is elected. He leaves the low, earthy, brainless life which he has led, and by a process of rational, human selection leaps at one bound clear over centuries of differentiation and myriads of intermediate forms, and incorporates his life with that of humanity. His bland juices mingle with the ascending chyle, pulse through the gateways of the heart, bound on the crimson tide which bears fuel to bone and nerve, or burns with intellectual flame in the thought fires of the brain. Sudden and exalted ascension! Instead of mounting the slow ladder of evolution, he is Elijah-like swiftly translated into a higher realm of being. How much better than dying of stupidity in a mud flat!

Dame Shayback, Arline, and little Pusskin soon returned from their sail and assisted in excavating our seashore dinner. Meanwhile,

Tom had gathered some stones and piled them up into a round, flat pile on a convenient rock near the shore, and built a good fire upon them. In thirty minutes the stones were thoroughly heated. The fire was then put out, the embers removed, the stones brushed perfectly clean with boughs, and a bushel of clams was dumped on the hot stones and completely covered with sea-weed. How they sizzled and steamed, and, opening their clammy mouths, prophesied of good things to come!

Bread and butter, crackers and condiments, were brought down from the tents. After ten minutes the sea-weed was removed, and our dinner was before us, spread upon its rocky table.

The man who sits down at a clam-bake must have a digestion void of offense. He must ask no question for conscience' sake, but abandon himself with reckless temerity to the inviting opportunity. Thomas seemed to be exactly such a man. There was a heroism in his appetite which reminded one of

the Charge of the Six Hundred, only it was the clams that entered the jaws of death. Some blueberries, a patent "surprise pudding" of Mrs. Shayback's invention, and a variety of incidentals, which if named would only excite envy, furnished the aftermath. So far as the dinner was concerned the motto of the company seemed to be, "Let *justice* be done though the heavens fall." But the heavens did not fall; there was no rain and scarcely a cloud to mar the beauty of the day.

The subsequent events of that day I will not describe; but when we retired to our luxurious couches that evening, Mrs. Shayback and Arline wrote in their journals as follows:—

Rose in the morning.

[Time omitted, but fact undoubted.]

Breakfast on mackerel, cunner, silver hake, rock cod, with oatmeal, milk, crackers, eggs, and blueberries.

Sail with George William.

Delightful clam-bake at noon with Mr. and Mrs. Tom.

Bath in the cove at four o'clock.

Fish chowder at five at Capt. Wright's.

Game of croquet till 6.30; were beaten. [This part of the entry was written very indistinctly.]

Sing at Mrs. H——'s till 7.30.

Swinging the hammock, drying dew-damp shoes over the kerosene stove, driving in tent-pins till 8.30. Good-night.

* * * * *

Three weeks of delightful camping on the Penobscot, and then the stars of heaven — not these faint imitations of the printer — and Mars with his red lantern and retinue of moons, looking down on Fern Point, failed to see the gypsies' home. And the good-natured pilot of the Cambridge, who so faithfully whistled a salute every time he passed the camp, missed one morning the gypsies' welcome. We had folded our tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away.

CHAPTER III.

A RAID ON CANADA.

MR. and Mrs. Shayback had tried a salt water camp; they concluded that the next year they would try one on fresh water. The reverend gentleman, as summer approached, began to play "hickory dickory dock" on the maps of a much-neglected geography. But somehow his pencil nearly always landed too near some one of those little rings which on most maps are appropriately used to designate cities. He was considering the expediency of consulting some map with fewer places on it, when suddenly his pencil dropped plump into the centre of "Lake Memphremagog."

"Eureka," he said, as he recalled a rapid trip which he had made with Mrs. Shayback through that lake some years before. "Let

us leave our native land and enjoy the delights of expatriation in the wilds of Canada."

"There are some beautiful islands in the lake," said Mrs. Shayback. "I have always wanted to camp on an island. It would be delightful to have one all to ourselves."

Mr. Shayback recalled the populous piety and the early morning fervor of the Northport camp-meeting and said, "It would."

It was just about this time that the eyes of all England were concentrated upon an island in the Mediterranean. Russia, Austria, and England had quarreled over the choicest morsels in the Eastern platter. Bismarck was carving to the best of his ability in the diplomatic conclave. But when the dinner was over, it was discovered that Beaconsfield had helped himself to a whole pie. The Queen presented him with a new garter and raised the flag of her dominion over the island of Cyprus.

"What a delightful reprisal it would be," thought Mr. Shayback, "while the Empress Victoria is exulting over the acquisition of

Cyprus, to steal softly up into Canada and capture one of her majesty's islands." Little did the Empress of India think, as she sat throned in her own imperiality, of the plot which was being concocted in the United States against one of the fairest portions of her Dominion.

It took but a short time to organize the expedition. It was concluded that the larger the party, the less likely it would be to succeed either in capturing the island or in enjoying its coveted solitude. It would save bloodshed, powder, and noise to seize the island without letting her majesty know anything about it. The raiding party therefore simply consisted of six: namely, Rev. Mr. Shayback (in this enumeration I proceed from base to climax), Mrs. Shayback, Captain Clavis, Miss Futura Clavis, and Signorina Mezzofanti, who has one tongue by nature and a half-dozen by acquirement, and who considers the confusion-worse-confoundedness of the tower of Babel a merciful device without which the science of philology would have

been impossible. Last, but not least, I must mention Miss Pusskin Shayback, aged five years, and her doll Anna, who early lost one foot in this piratical expedition, but shared the vicissitudes of camp life with an unflinching patience.

About five o'clock on a certain afternoon in August, this hexagonal party of Americans quietly left the Passumpsic Railroad at Newport, Vermont. The rain which fell in torrents could not wholly dampen the ardor of their purpose. A few of them took refuge for the night under the sheltering eaves of the Memphremagog House, and a few plunged into the simple but abundant hospitality of a Canadian farmhouse. Thirty-six hours later the scattered forces of the expedition were reunited under a propitious sky, and a plan of operations agreed upon. Lord's Island, some twenty miles away, was selected as the objective point. To be sure none of the party had visited it. They only knew that it possessed the first and most important attribute of an island, that of being entirely surrounded by

water. But it was described by the captain of the *Gracie* as "a magnificent place to camp, half a mile each side from the mainland; fine spring, splendid fishing, beautiful prospect."

One of the most important instruments for the capture of an island is a suitable navy. As the *Shaybacks* had neither time to build nor means to purchase, they were obliged to hire. The *Gracie* is a small propeller, about forty feet long, with an eight-horse engine, a cozy cabin, and lines of beauty which make her in every way worthy of her name. Her services, including that of captain and engineer, were available for the reasonable sum of six dollars a day.

"The very boat we need," said Mr. *Shayback*; and the *Gracie* was forthwith hired, and through the acquisition of Captain *Clavis's* double-barrel breech-loader, was placed upon a war footing. Mr. and Mrs. *Shayback* and *Pusskin* embarked at the wharf with their luggage without exciting suspicions of hostile intent. A mile from *Newport* the

frigate, or, more literally, the gun-boat, was stopped to take aboard Captain Clavis, Miss Futura Clavis, and the Signorina, who with commendable enterprise had left the hotel and formed a temporary camp on a point of land.

Thus armed and equipped the Gracie moved off into the broad and beautiful waters of the lake. Bearings were taken for a point on the east shore, about five miles away. As we entered the cove a little boat was seen moving from the shore. It was Cousin Joseph, proudly paddling in the Hippogrif, and bringing from home a pail of maple sugar, a tub of butternuts, and various other weapons to add to our arsenal. The Hippogrif, a flat-bottomed skiff, kindly loaned to us as a tender, was to enter upon a new and glorious destiny. "Tender" not only describes the function of the little craft, but also the feeling which Joseph held towards it, and which in time we all came to share. The "Hippo," as we called it for short, was not modeled for speed or for beauty. She looks more like a coffin than

anything else ; but her looks belie her function, for she has proved to be as stanch as a whaler, and as dry as a prohibitionist. For waltzing on the water no boat can surpass her. With a single oarsman she will spin around on her flat bottom like a top, unless the box in her stern is filled with stones ; but you could hardly tip her over if you tried. She is as sound and trusty as Joseph her owner.

With the Hippo tied behind, the Gracie moved on her way. We soon came to Province Island, part of which is in the United States and part in Canada. We look in vain in the lake for any evidence of the boundary line. The waters seem to have no more tendency to divide at that point than they do at any other, and the fish beneath, I presume, are profoundly unconscious that at one time they are swimming under the American flag and at another time under the British. The consciousness silently steals over us, however, that *we* are "*abroad.*" We are beyond the protection and beyond the vengeance of

American laws. We are in the country which once held its ægis over the fugitive slave, and which now holds it over escaped bank presidents and truant cashiers.

We ran into a little cove on the east shore to wood up. The discovery that our gunboat was aground threatened to wreck the hopes of the expedition, which depended largely for its success upon our making a landing before sundown. The captain, however, with his usual deliberation and composure, seized the flag-staff, drew it from its socket, and rammed it into the ground. The boat slowly responded to his effort, and once more felt "the thrill of life along her keel."

Again we abandon ourselves to the scenery, and to a careful digestion of the details of our plot. But Mrs. Shayback, who is sitting just forward of the pilot-house, begins to turn up her nose contemptuously at everything we say.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Shayback?"

"Don't you smell anything?"

We snuff the air with our nostrils. We *do*

smell something. We see, too, a little smoke curling from the hurricane - deck. *The steamer is on fire, and two hundred and forty miles from Boston!*

Joseph and Captain Clavis rush to the hurricane-deck to combat the devouring flames, while Mr. Shayback runs to the other end of the boat to alarm the fire department. We see imaginatively the tongue of fire curling to the mast-head. We see the whole steamer wrapped in flames! We see the boy standing on the burning deck till all but him have fled, and wonder how he could be so foolish, when he might have gone off in a small boat.

Captain Clavis was a walking arsenal, belted and loaded down with cartridges. Futura pleaded with him not to go too near the flames. Had he become ignited he would have gone off like a gatling gun. "Do be careful," she said.

"I will," was the response, and he rushed into the flames with such renewed zeal that the devouring element was homœopathically quenched by his inextinguishable ardor.

The danger over, a list of losses was taken. The fire, it appeared, was confined to the luggage. Our straw ticks were well scorched; the Signorina had four holes burned through her waterproof. Several umbrellas were ventilated in the same way. Mr. Shayback's hat was scorched, and Futura received a burn on the back of her hand.

Loss about five dollars. No insurance. As Futura had already pledged her hand to Captain Clavis, the damage done to that member was felt by him as a personal loss, and every one knew that Captain C. would rather have scorched his native hand ten times over than the one he had acquired by a judicious expenditure of the affections.

During all this excitement the captain of the steamer stood manfully at his wheel. His usual deliberation did not desert him; his indifference was heroic.

“Captain, did you know the steamer was on fire?”

“Yes,” said the captain; “it gets on fire every day.”

He might have added, "and nobody suffers but the passengers."

Mr. Shayback reported on the origin and cause of the fire. It originated, he said, in the fire under the boiler, and was soon communicated to the smoke-stack, and thence fell in a shower of sparks on the hurricane-deck; as the wind moved faster than the boat the sparks were thus carried forward of the wheel-house. The only way to prevent future conflagration in that stage of the wind was to run the boat stern foremost; but a more effectual remedy would be to pour a few pails of water down the smoke-stack.

"Do you see that island about three miles ahead of us?" asked the captain of the *Gracie*. "Well, that's Lord's Island."

All the latent Robinson Crusoeism of our natures was kindled by this announcement. Visions of the victory before us were painted by an over-heated imagination. We touched at Georgeville for a few minutes, a village with which we were ultimately to become much more familiar. None of the inhabitants suspected our predatory intentions.

Twenty minutes later we hove to on the west side of the island. Joseph, Captain Clavis, and Mr. Shayback proceeded to reconnoitre in the Hippogrif. They found the island guarded by two thousand British squirrels, but not a mosquito or a black fly. It was further garrisoned by a dense growth of trees and underbrush. They stood together like a solid phalanx of the Queen's Own. Possession could only be gained by a vigorous use of the axe. On the south side, however, a small clearing was discovered, just large enough, by cutting away brake and underbrush, to admit three tents. We had come to take the island, and take it we must because it was too late to take anything else. We returned to the Gracie for our baggage. Reinforced by the rest of the party, excepting Joe, who being a loyal Canadian went back with the steamer, the capture was quickly and bloodlessly made. Lord's Island was ours, and we were lords of the isle.

We put up our tents, crowding them together in the inhospitable clearing, and ate our supper.

We had taken the island without blood ; but we were not to take it without water. There was not a single vessel of the Queen's navy on the lake to resent this invasion ; but our sentinels reported that a vast fleet of dark, and heavily armed clouds was gathering overhead. Had the Queen of England, like the Queen of Heaven, power over Æolus, who rules with imperial sway the reluctant winds and sounding tempests ?

“ 'T is thine, O Queen, to ask
Whate'er thou wilt ; my part to do what bid.”

Regina was massing her forces for a night attack. The Shaybacks began to intrench themselves. They feared not that the enemy would succeed in storming the roof ; their tent-flies would repel a heavy bombardment of rain and hail. They feared rather that, like the boys who find the vulnerable point of a circus, the enemy might crawl underneath. An axe does not seem a formidable weapon against a thunder-storm, but it is one of the best defenses a camper has. In the absence

of a spade, it makes a good intrenching-tool. With its aid the Shaybacks cut around their tents such a ditch as rocks and roots would permit. They spread their rubber blankets on the ground within, and their woolen blankets above them. Mother earth furnished the only mattress. Pusskin was swung in her hammock between the tent-poles, fearing neither the waters above the earth nor the waters under the earth.

Thus fortified the Shaybacks laid them down to rest. They awoke a few hours later to witness one of the grandest Canadian thunder-storms that ever attacked an American invader. How the artillery pealed, and the lightning flashed its glittering scimeter! The rain poured in torrents. Repulsed on the roof, it fell dripping with defeat into the trench below. It channeled a river through Mr. Shayback's tent, but as the sleepers, with the camper's instinct, had made their beds on the high side of the ground, it compelled no surrender. Suddenly the sky was flushed with a bright light. The lightning had

struck a barn on the west shore one or two miles away. We sallied forth during a lull in the rain to view the sight. If that blow were meant for us, Æolus is a bad marksman.

A more genuine sense of alarm was experienced by Mr. Shayback an hour later, when it suddenly occurred to him that the tide might have arisen and carried off the Hippo, our only boat, and that communication with the mainland would be difficult under such circumstances. He rushed down the bank to the lake shore. The Hippo was there, and Mr. Shayback was relieved. He pulled it up higher and saw that the fastening was secure. As he returned it occurred to him that the tide does not rise in fresh-water lakes. He defended himself against the logical gibes of the camp by saying that in such a storm even illogical precautions were necessary, and that a good strong dose of wind and wave might be equal to a high tide.

The Shaybacks woke the next morning to find that the clouds had retreated, having

used up all their ammunition in a vain effort to dislodge the invaders. We were monarchs of all we surveyed. By right of conquest the island was informally annexed to the United States.

Within twenty-four hours what had we accomplished? We had wrested an uninhabited island from the dominion of its own solitude; we had established law and order; instituted republican government; introduced the Christian religion; reorganized society on a coöperative basis; effected a reform in labor; secured the rights of woman; founded a free public library of a dozen volumes, and opened a school of practical philosophy. "And now," said Mr. Shayback, "all that remains to be done with this island is to abandon it as soon as possible."

It need hardly be said that the conquest of the island thus recited was a great victory. It sounds better to call it so. Mr. Shayback has such an ear for music that he cannot bear to hear it called anything else.

But when I asked the reverend gentleman whether it was a victory for us or for the island he smiled compassionately. Yet it is a strange fact that after we had conquered the island none of us wanted to stay there. The thirst for conquest had been excited. We sighed for new worlds. That is the way Mr. Shayback preferred to look at it. There was another way of looking at it. It was the Jonah way. When Jonah captured the whale he undoubtedly felt that he had achieved a great victory. He had secured a whole whale, — a whale all to himself! Yet as he quietly reviewed his prophetic career, and took an internal view of his prophetic situation, he must have felt that his scope for exultation was limited. The great majority of the party felt very much the same as the enwhaled prophet. We had captured a whole island! We were its sole human occupants! We had won a signal victory. But as we took an internal view of our situation we somehow felt that there was still opportunity for humility. We found ourselves on an

island of about one hundred acres, covered with a heavy growth of cedar and birch. Exploration disclosed a small clearing in the centre, but so thickly covered with brake and bramble that pedestrianism was slow and unprofitable. The ground was moist and thickly strewn with dead leaves. There was a luxuriant growth of ferns. We had pitched our tents on the desolate site of an old camp. There was no view, no spring, no brook, no field, no sandy beach.

Mr. Mallock has written the history of "Positivism on an Island." The conditions here, however, were essentially negative. The only thing positive was the positive discomfort. It was a splendid island to give away to somebody.

Accordingly, the next morning Captain Clavis and Mr. Shayback manned the Hippogrif and started on a voyage of discovery to the mainland. They were successful in finding an attractive spot some two miles nearer the village, — a delightful combination of grove, beach, brook, and point, which seemed

to have been made expressly for their purpose. An extra boat and boatmen were hired, but it was no little work to effect the removal from the island to Merriman's Point, with a high wind, a rough lake, and boats heavily laden; but when the transfer was made, and the camp was fairly settled, the Shaybacks could claim as their summer home one of the most beautiful sites on one of the most beautiful lakes of the northern chain.

CHAPTER IV.

MEMPHREMAGOG.

“MEMPHREMAGOG,” said the principal of a New York grammar school, “that is in Maine, is n’t it?”

Mr. Shayback smiled a tender geographical rebuke. Glimpses of latitude and longitude flashed in mild commiseration from his eyes. Think not that all the “quoddies,” “gogs,” “wippis,” and “bagoes,” are in Maine. Maine, to be sure, is one of the most dropsical places in the United States, judging from the amount of lake water it holds in its geographical body, and it is peppered all over with unpronounceable names; but it is not the only place where the Indian tongue has wrought its ravages. If you consult the Koran you will find that the Scriptural Gog and Magog are north of the Cau-

casus; and if you as religiously consult a map of the United States you will find that the unscriptural Memphremagog begins in the northern part of Vermont; that it is, indeed, a sheet of water hanging over the international boundary line, one third of it dripping into the United States, and the other two thirds into Canada. If you subject this word to the tortures of philological inquisition, the meaning it confesses is "beautiful water." Whether the etymology is truthful I have no means of knowing; but there are so many Indian words meaning "beautiful water" that suspicion would naturally be aroused if this one meant anything else. And if, in the vicissitudes of language, "beautiful water" should get detached from any other scenery, whether in the Trosachs, the Alps, or the Sierra Nevadas, and should seek a new location, I do not know where these words could more truthfully settle their significance than on the name of Memphremagog.

It is nine years since the Shaybacks first

made the raid described in the preceding chapter upon an island in the Canadian portion of that lake, violently wrested it from the dominion of the Queen, and, after camping two nights in dolorous discomfort in the brakes and bushes of its solitude, finally discovered and took possession of an ideal camping-place on the main shore. Many years before that time the first settlers on the eastern shore of Lake Memphremagog had landed at this very point, and slept there the first night of their sojourn, from which fact it had received the prosaic name of "Bed-room Point." But the landing of the Shaybacks on this charming little peninsula had all the zest of fresh discovery. History had repeated itself, and has continued to repeat itself ever since: for the Shaybacks migrate to Memphremagog in the middle of August as naturally as the birds of that lovely region fly south at the approach of winter. So subtle is the charm which this sheet of water and its surrounding mountains weave over the lover of nature that it is difficult to

break it after he has once come under its spell. For two or three years past the Shaybacks have vainly tried to go somewhere else, but have not been finally able to make up their minds to drink their summer pleasure wholly from another cup. Mr. Shayback explains it on scientific principles. The magnetic pole, he asserts, is not located at Boothia Felix, but in the vicinity of Memphremagog. And as the Shaybacks have a considerable quantity of iron in their constitutions, they invariably point towards the north.

It is not easy to analyze all the currents of influence which produce this state of attraction. The wild, natural beauty of the region is a large element in the total. The associations formed by repeated visits have much to do with it. One cannot catalogue the beauty of a landscape any more than he can catalogue the beauty of a poem by naming the words it contains. Emerson's "Each and All" is the true exposition of the fascination of natural beauty. The scenery of Memphremagog is incisive, vigorous, robust. Its fea-

tures are distinct, salient, characteristic. Here is a sheet of water thirty miles long, and from one to four miles wide. It cannot claim, like Winnepesaukee, a wealth of island jewelry, but the brooch and studs it wears are enough to adorn without destroying the unity of its shining bosom. Its shores are heavily wooded, and for the most part bold and rugged, but at times gently subsiding into sloping beaches.

Owl's Head is the special mountain guardian of the "beautiful water" that nestles at its base. It rises abruptly from the lake for nearly three thousand feet. It is a hairy giant, a mountain Esau, covered with a heavy growth of forest from base to peak. To only one mountain in Lower Canada does it yield preëminence, and that is Mount Orford, which rises grandly to the north about six miles from the foot of the lake. Orford is but three hundred feet higher; but this is enough to earn for it the title of the highest mountain in Lower Canada. Its head is as bald as that of Elisha, except when some soft,

fleecy cloud kindly settles like a nightcap on its crown. Little Orford is rooted not far away from the paternal mountain. And all around them are grouped children of a younger and less ambitious generation. Still another bold and striking figure forms a part of the montanic community which holds the lake in its cup. Elephantis does not belie its name. Viewed from the eastern shore of the lake, where the Shaybacks camp, it is an almost perfect outline of a sitting elephant, its trunk stretched out on the ground before it. We almost wonder that the Great Showman has not tried to capture it for his menagerie. This is the only elephant, perhaps, that his gold could not move.

Back of Elephantis the sky line is serrated, curved, and broken by numerous hills and mountains, which would be famous if dropped out on a Western prairie, but which in Canada, where mountains are cheap, have not received the honor of a name. Far to the south of Owl's Head, Jay Peak pierces the sky. Mount Hor and Mount Willoughby

stand like a pair of twins, holding a water-bucket — and a charming bucket is Lake Willoughby — between them. Once, on a remarkably clear day, from the pilot-house of the *Lady of the Lake*, I was able to see, if Captain Fogg, who furnished the only mistiness on the occasion, was not mistaken, the top of Mount Washington blending with the sky.

This is the setting of Memphremagog, — a setting of which it may well be proud. The head of the lake rests in Vermont, its feet and its two broad arms lie in Canada. Nestling peacefully in the lap of the mountains, it is a sleeping beauty. Torn by winds and storms, it is maniacal in its fury. It is a lake of many moods: amiable, placid, serene, rippling with breezy smiles, or frenzied by tumultuous passion. Its scenery is picturesque, its sunsets gorgeous, and among its negative virtues we may mention the absence of fogs, mosquitoes, and black flies.

One element in the charm of Memphremagog is the general aspect of wildness which

still reigns on its shores. There are a few tasteful villas on the eastern side and a hotel at the base of Owl's Head; but between Newport and Magog, which lie at the extremities of the lake, there is but one little village on the immediate shore. There is a sense of solitude which civilization has not yet exorcised. The Lady of the Lake, the Memphremagog, the Mountain Maid, and occasionally the Newport, plow the clear water in front of the Shaybacks' camp, but the sound of the locomotive whistle is not heard. The mournful, lonely cry of the loon, breaking into a hysterical laugh hardly less plaintive than its wail, is a familiar note. Nature, not art, rules at Memphremagog, and Mr. Shayback believes that the only way one can fairly enter into sympathy with it here is through the medium of a life without conventionality, conforming to the simplicity of nature, and partaking of its wild, luxurious freedom; in other words, through the medium of camp-life. To worship at this shrine one needs to take the shoes from off his feet.

Mr. Shayback accordingly goes barefooted half the time.

But those who are more dependent upon shoemakers, shingle roofs, spring beds, and other appliances of civilization, are not deprived of the privilege of a sojourn on Memphremagog. It is one of the great advantages of the lake that though preserving its original simplicity and wildness of character it is still easily accessible to lines of travel. There are portions of it — such for instance as at the head of Sargent's Bay — where the visitor might seclude himself from all contact with the outer world, and live in a hermitical retirement equal to that which he would find in the wilds of Canada farther north ; but if he wishes to feel the pulse-beat of civilization through the telegraph and the daily mail, he may enjoy these recognized privileges in any of the three villages which lie on the lake.

Of these three villages Newport is the largest. It is situated about two miles from the head of the lake, and about five miles south of the boundary line. As it is on the

direct line from Montreal to Boston, it furnishes a tempting place for the traveler to break his journey between these points. The Memphremagog House is well known as one of the largest and most comfortable of summer hotels. Many business men from both Boston and Montreal who do not mind the proximity of a locomotive take rooms here during the summer. The view of the lake from the shore itself does not do justice to its beauty; but from Prospect Hill, above the town, a much better idea of its extent and picturesqueness may be formed. Newport has all the characteristics of a thriving Vermont town. From this point the steamer *Lady of the Lake* makes excursions through the lake twice a day, usually running to Georgeville, twenty miles, in the morning, and in the afternoon to Magog, at the foot of the lake. The latter village now has direct communication by railroad with Montreal. It is smaller than Newport, and its hotel accommodations are divided up between two or three houses. Within the last two years, however,

a cotton factory has been established in this village, which has drawn a large number of hands and accelerated the growth of the place.

The third village we have named, Georgeville, is of more special interest to the campers, because it is their base of supplies. It is about twenty miles from the head of the lake and ten miles from Magog. It is a small Canadian hamlet, containing, when its summer boarders are subtracted, about one hundred inhabitants, two churches, a school, a post-office, two blacksmith shops, and a new and large hotel. Georgeville is one of the most self-possessed towns in Canada ; a single wire and a daily mail-bag keep it in communication with the outside world. The two daily events in the life of the hamlet are the arrival of the steamboat twice a day with the latest intelligence from the United States, and the entrance of the mail-bag, which comes by wagon a distance of about ten miles. Being within two hours' sail of the United States, it has an international interest in the great events which

occur on both sides of the line. But no breezes of intelligence from any direction ever disturb the perfect serenity of its peace. In the course of several years' acquaintance I have never known Georgeville to exhibit a state of excitement save on two occasions. Once when Lord Dufferin, in 1878, stopped for a few minutes at the village; the other, when it was rumored that a certain small steam-yacht, described in a subsequent chapter, was sinking. Georgeville enjoys the distinction of possessing a little world of its own. The simplicity of the town has not been perverted. The supreme deliberation of its inhabitants is sometimes exasperating to a nervous American, but it is exact'y the sedative he needs. He soon catches the influence of its soporific spirit, and takes an hour to do a job or an errand which he could do comfortably in thirty minutes.

The old Camperdown Hotel, with the sentinel evergreens which stood like grenadiers in front of its portals, was one of the picturesque features of the place, and harmonized

with the primitive fashion and comfortable inactivity of the little town. It was constantly crowded with more boarders than it could hold, and under an impulse of enterprise a company was formed, which has built a large and not very picturesque hotel capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty guests. The presence of such a large hotel in these primitive surroundings seems like a new and conspicuous patch upon an old gown. It is evidence, however, that a number of people have found out that this village is about the most beautiful point on the lake for a summer sojourn. I cannot speak of Georgeville without bearing testimony to the uniform kindness, generosity, and courtesy of its inhabitants. In their monthly sojourn, which has covered a period of eight years, the Shaybacks have never suffered from any intrusion whatever, and have had constant occasion to be grateful for services received.

Another resort which has many attractions for the summer visitor is the Mountain House, at the foot of Owl's Head. To those espe-

cially who enjoy mountain climbing the situation of the hotel at the base of the mountain is very convenient. The Mountain House was for a while suffered to lapse into decay, but it has since been refitted and furnished, and affords a beautiful and secluded retreat. Opposite the Mountain House, across the lake, is Bay View, a grove which serves as an attractive goal for various excursions from Newport and Magog.

The number of private residences on Lake Memphremagog is small compared with those that adorn Lake George. On the west side of the lake, in its whole length from Newport to Magog, there is scarcely a purely summer residence that I know of. On the east shore the most conspicuous summer home is that of the late Sir Hugh Allan. It is situated about four miles south of Georgeville, on a peninsula which commands a beautiful view of the lake. The surrounding grounds are well cultivated and tastefully laid out. Sir Hugh Allan was the owner of a large and beautiful steam yacht, made after the model of the

ocean steamers of the "Allan Line." Since his death the steamer has been removed from the lake. Mr. Alexander Molson, of Montreal, has a farm and residence on the east shore, above that of Sir Hugh Allan and near Molson Island. The bay formed on the inside of this island, protected as it is from the severest storms of the lake, is one of the most delightful and retired spots of Memphremagog. Another Montreal gentleman has recently erected a fine house on a bluff near Georgeville, commanding a noble view of the lake and surrounding country. There are some other places on the east shore which might deserve an enumeration if we were writing a guide-book, but the visitor is on the whole surprised that this lovely lake should have remained so long in the possession of the farming community by which it is surrounded.

The principal islands in the lake are Province Island, Whetstone Island, Long Island, Molson Island, and Lord's Island, to which the reader has been introduced in a previous

chapter. There are various other smaller islands, mostly lying in the southern part of the lake.

Beyond its natural and perennial beauty Lake Memphremagog has little to offer to those who seek natural scenery as they go to a museum to find unique and curious things. Skinner's Cave, which figures in the guide-books, is simply an insignificant cleft in a rock on an island which takes its name from a traditional smuggler. Balance Rock is a huge boulder upon the end of an island. It is said to be so nicely balanced upon its centre that it can be moved by a slight touch. Memphremagog must rather depend upon the general charm of mountain, forest, island, and water, than upon any eccentric curiosities. It is an excellent point from which excursions may be made into the interesting country about it. Montreal is about sixty miles away, and may be reached by rail from Newport at the southern end of the lake, or from Magog at the northern end. There is also connection at Magog with Sherbrooke, and thence to

Quebec. Stanstead, one of the most enterprising towns in Canada, is but fourteen miles away, and the road leads over some of the steepest of Canadian hills. There are a dozen lakes of smaller proportion inviting visits from the tourist and fisherman.

The most direct way of reaching Memphremagog from New York is by way of Springfield, Massachusetts, thence north to Well's River and by the Passumpsic road to Newport. From Boston, by the Boston, Concord, and Montreal line. By this route the day traveler has the advantage of a good view of Lake Winnepesaukee. The Shaybacks feel that their summer trip has not been quite complete unless they return through the White Mountains, to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Notch.

CHAPTER V.

A FAMILY CAMP.

THERE are two or three methods of camping-out. One of them is known as "roughing it." It represents the minimum of comfort and the maximum of privation. The writer has fully tested its novelties, exhilarations, and discomforts. To bivouac under the cotton-wood trees — on a rapid cavalry march, with a McClellan saddle for a pillow, a rubber blanket for a mattress, an overcoat for a bed cover — is a luxurious state of privation, which becomes commonplace only when it becomes monotonous. To go twenty-four hours without water, to camp where there is no wood to cook your meals, to fill a blank in one's existence for several days with hardtack and bacon, to sleep on the deck of an upper Missouri steamer in a snow-storm,

to endure pelting rain and howling winds, have become familiar experiences. A singular ambition exists among amateur campers to emulate these distresses of the professional. The proud heroism of the boy-camper exhibits itself in an utter disdain for the comforts which are within his reach. The fewer conveniences he has the more sublime seems his self-denial. Only when his abstinence has risen to its full height — which is usually the height of the ridiculous — can he descend again to the level of ordinary mortals. The Shaybacks have long since passed by the heroic stage of camp life. They have discovered the happy medium between the enervating luxuries of a highly-wrought civilization and the rude asperities of savage life. The sybaritic camper is an offense to them on the one hand, and the barbaric camper on the other. To borrow an expression in use among Western campers, which indicates the ideal of thorough preparation, the Shaybacks always go “well-heeled.” Their object is to get the most comfort consistent with the most

freedom; to get the most healthful enjoyment at the cheapest rates.

Adam was the first camper-out. He found, as many a modern camper has done, that it is not good to live alone, even in Eden. The mere duplication of male society would not remove the sense of want. Eve was essential to the completeness of the Edenic camp. It was the serpent which was superfluous. The Shaybacks have long since accepted the ideal of Genesis. They have chosen an Eden for their camp-ground, and have always maintained that every Adamic member should be neutralized by an Eve. Little Cain and Abel are taken along too, on condition that they will not club each other, and their sisters accompany them. But the sinuous serpent is not considered an element of felicity, and when, one summer, a young daughter of Eve in our camp suddenly found a serpent in her tent, far from being charmed by its guileful persuasions, she seized her little brother in her arms, and, though barely able to carry him, heroically removed him from the scene

of temptation, and summoned the destroying angel.

It was written in the book of Beginnings to start with, and the Shaybacks write it yearly in the book of Continuations, that the best camp is the family camp. A purely masculine camp is generally like its camp-biscuit, an over-done or half-baked affair. And the purely feminine camp is a concentration of sweetmeats, like a mince pie without any crust. A judicious proportion of children is another necessary element. A camp baby is a delightful luxury, but it should be past the gristly stage, able to waddle like a duck, to talk broken English, to find its mouth with a spoon, to laugh when it bruises the stones with its head, to serve as ballast in a row-boat, to sport like a little nymph at its daily bath, and to sleep twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Such a little joker is the best camp trump. Little Mattie, but eighteen months old, was one year the jolliest member of Camp Merriman, and completely realized the ideal of a camp baby.

The little four-year-old of Fern Point is now fourteen. She has spent a month of the summer in this way for the last ten years. I am sure there would be a miniature salt water lake in each eye if told that she must spend the next summer at some fashionable hotel instead of in her tent on the wooded shores of Memphremagog.

There are many families in moderate circumstances who are puzzled every year to know how to spend the summer vacation to the best advantage. Let two or three such families join together and camp on the coöperative plan, and, if properly organized, they will be loath to turn again to the tame insipidity of hotel or boarding-house life. All that is necessary to make such a venture successful is the faculty of knowing how. The Shaybacks have no copyright on their method, and freely offer the benefit of their experience.

The size of the party will usually vary in inverse proportion to the square of the distance. The Shaybacks have found that a

party of a dozen is large enough, though they have never entertained a superstition against sitting down to a table of thirteen. At their last year's camp the dominant number was sixteen. Of these eight were adults and eight children, the latter ranging in age from six to fifteen, and symmetrically divided into four boys and four girls.

In the next place the Shaybacks always have a definite plan to begin with. An individual camper may start off without knowing where he is going to bring up, but, for a family camp, especially when children are along, it is important to have the destination fixed with as much definiteness as possible. Another essential for a good family camp is that it should be a permanent one for the season. With a party of tourists there is a certain novelty in adopting the nomadic habit of camping in a new place every night, but this generally involves too much labor, and is too precarious for a family party. If a good site can be found it is better to stick to it, to make it as comfortable as possible, and to use

it as the point from which radiating excursions can be made. The Shaybacks once thought it desirable to have a new camp every summer, and many campers prefer this plan. But, having found an ideal camping-ground on Memphremagog, they discovered that a certain home feeling was developed the first year, that it grew into an affectionate attachment the second year, and that each succeeding experience enhances the pleasure of the association.

If there is an exhilarating sense of novelty in going to a new place every summer, there is a kindly, homelike feeling growing from associations which are tenderly familiar. There is only one thing pleasanter than striking new chords of emotion, and that is striking those that are old. There are many places that might awaken a sense of novelty and whet the edge of curiosity, but there is no place for a summer outing which awakens sunnier emotions in the Shaybacks than the sleepy little hamlet near which they camp. Not so much for the little village itself, as for the inviting

and boundless contiguity of shade that lies around it, and the mysterious fascination of the waters that spread out before it. And with the touch of nature there is a pleasing touch of humanity. The old stagers are on the wharf ; for they knew that we were coming. Brawny hands are extended, and wrinkled faces smile with kindly welcome.

It is a great advantage to know before you set out on your trip just what you are going to have when you reach your destination. When a new camping-ground is to be found, unless the locality is familiar, a scout or explorer should be sent in advance of the party, that the site may be selected and transportation secured. Another advantage of camping two or three years in or near the same place is that the heaviest and bulkiest of the camp kit may be stored somewhere near the grounds, and yearly transportation avoided. Those who adopt the nomadic plan of camping are obliged to go as light armed as possible. The writer once camped for four months on the Plains, making a new camp

almost every night, and nearly all his worldly goods, except the clothes he had on, and a few little conveniences in a valise, were packed in an oat-bag or rolled up in his blankets. Only that which is absolutely essential should be taken on such an expedition. The writer remembers, however, that although officers and men were limited to twenty-five pounds of baggage each, yet one zealous lieutenant managed to smuggle along a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Why this volume was taken out on a campaign against the Indians I have never been able to discover. It is not a convenient missile; the Indians are opposed to the spelling reform on principle; logomachy had not then become a social game. In a permanent camp, although one may not indulge in such "unabridged" luxuries, a wider range of comforts is permitted.

"Good heavens! what luggage!" said a Canadian woman, as she saw the Shaybacks' effects piled up on the landing. It was, indeed, a motley array of bedding, boxes, bags, and bundles; such as one may see at Castle

Garden with a party of newly arrived emigrants, and were we not emigrants on Canadian soil? It is not a well-ordered barrel, or a symmetrical box, which awakens suspicions of vagrancy. It is the roll of bedding tied up in a piece of old carpet, and heavily corded, the oat-bag filled with tent-pins, or some plethoric, shapeless bundle, a little out at the elbows, which creates the suspicion that the owner has just graduated from the poor-house, and has embarked for some new domain of pauperism. In later years the Shaybacks, to save transportation, have adopted the plan suggested of storing most of their tents, cooking utensils, and camp-fixtures in the little village of Georgeville, about a mile and a half from their camp-ground. Notwithstanding this the amount of personal material to be transported each year for the party of twelve is considerable, and Mr. Shayback found, last summer, when the train moved off from the Lowell depot, that he had nineteen brass checks in his pocket. At this number the supply of checks gave out,

and a piece of chalk was used for the rest of the baggage. Other important articles for the camp commissary are shipped by freight a few days in advance of the departure. Arriving at Newport, Vermont, these various articles are collected on board of the *Lady of the Lake*, and, after a night's rest at the *Memphremagog House*, the *Shaybacks* steam for *Georgeville*, eighteen miles away. Here the articles stored are gathered together on the wharf — and a formidable pile they present. A great barge or scow, like a *Mississippi flat-boat*, propelled by long sweeps, is procured, and all the things are piled in with tumultuous disorder. The campers gleefully tumble in also to fill up the chinks. The row-boats are taken in tow behind, and the great barge moves off with as much gravity as *Noah's Ark*, which it greatly resembles, except that it has not a house on top. When it showers, therefore, as it occasionally does just after the barge is pushed off, the *Noachians* cover themselves with waterproofs and tarpaulins and hide their diminished heads under

the protection of the tents which are spread over the chattels.

Although the Shaybacks come from a foreign country there are no commissioners of emigration to set a price on their heads, and the only formality which marks this transit from the great Republic to the great Dominion is the inspection of the customs, which is more a matter of etiquette than of personal or official curiosity. Noah's ark moves slowly into the little bay, and finally grounds its broad prow upon the sand. A census taken on the spot would show that there were four families and a baker's dozen of souls added to the population of Canada. An inventory of the cargo in the barge, as declared on Mr. Shayback's manifesto, reads surprisingly like one of Mr. Walt Whitman's poems. Six tents : one $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ feet ; one $8\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$; one 12×18 ; one 10×12 . These serve as camp dormitories ; a capacious tent, 12×14 , is used as a parlor and general rendezvous, a small one, 7×7 , is dedicated to the kitchen, and a large fly set out in the grove serves as a din-

ing-room tent. Four fair-sized trunks and six valises contain articles of wearing apparel. For the ladies there are short flannel dresses with warm jackets, heavy shawls, broad-brimmed hats, rubber circulars, coats and shoes, bathing-dresses, shoe-bags, hoods, flannel wrappers to sleep in, and the usual assortment of curling-sticks, hair-pins, mirrors, and ribbons which make up essential features of a lady's outfit. For the gentlemen there are overcoats, both woolen and rubber, a judicious supply of underwear, and enough old clothing to stock a Chatham Street dealer. Nothing contributes more to the freedom of camp life than to be clad in raiment which is beyond redemption, and therefore beyond the possibility of spoiling. At the close of the season there are always fishermen who can utilize the disreputable vestiges which are left. Furthermore, there are huge bundles of blankets, half a dozen hammocks; an axe, three hatchets, two saws, a spade, a hammer, nails, spikes, screws, gimlets, a brace and bits, a full set of tin plates, cups and saucers,

plated knives, forks, and spoons; empty ticks for bedding to be filled with straw at the barn; two barrels of pots and kettles, three cots, two lanterns, a supply of rope of various sizes, kerosene stoves, oven, double-boiler, and tea-kettle, a barrel of kerosene oil, and, among the instruments of torture, a violin, flute, and cornet. Many of these effects represent the accumulation of several years, and illustrate one advantage of camping in the same place.

The Shaybacks always make liberal provision for the camp cuisine. The fear of famine does not haunt them. The packages of merchandise sent by freight contain a supply of provisions, the bill of which lies before me, and which may be suggestive to other excursionists. It contains such items as tea, coffee, canned tongue, dried apples, canned pears, apricots, cherries, berries, tomatoes, peaches, raspberries, pineapples, sardines; sugar, oatmeal, rye, graham meal, raisins, prunes, currants, dates, walnuts, soap, sapolio, barley, cracked wheat, tapioca, rice, saleratus, isin-

glass, sea-moss, salt, macaroni, chocolate, oil, olives, candles, yeast powder, corn starch, matches, ginger snaps, oatmeal biscuit, and pilot bread. The quantities of those articles are judiciously determined by the size of the party and its gastronomic reputation. Necessaries not included in this invoice can usually be found in the vicinage of the camp. Here is a great aquarium thirty miles long in front of the tent doors, with a constant supply of perch, and a somewhat inconstant supply of lake trout and other fish. The butcher from Stanstead makes a bi-weekly trip to Georgeville, bringing good beef and the best of Canadian mutton. Milk, eggs, butter, potatoes, and other vegetables can be obtained at the farmhouse less than half a mile away. There is a great sugar orchard almost within a stone's throw from the camp, and our summer life is daily sweetened by its product. Sixteen miles east, over some of the steepest hills that a horse ever climbed, there is an old-fashioned farmhouse. With telescopic eyes the inmates see the Shaybacks coming weeks

ahead, and as David, in Hebraic times, carried parched corn, loaves, and cheeses to his brethren in camp, so Joseph the Muscular invariably visits his Shayback cousins with loaves of graham bread, a bag of apples, a can of maple syrup, a mould of butter, and numerous other goodies, including some contraband doughnuts ripened in his mother's kitchen.

CHAPTER VI.

GETTING SETTLED.

A GENEROUS camp-larder will repair a good many deficiencies, but it will not atone for a poor camp-site. The Shaybacks think that the several requisites for a good campground were realized in their old camp at Bedroom Point, and their new one on Bigelow's Bay, which they call the "Camp by the cliff." At the former, the tents were placed in the bottom of a U-shaped wall of cedar and hemlock, which protected them from northerly and southerly winds, and left a beautiful vista opening upon the water. A pleasant little cove, with sloping, sandy beach, made an excellent place for bathing; but the principal charm of the spot was the shady peninsula, running out into the lake, where the Shaybacks might swing in their hammocks, catch

the soft summer breezes, and watch the clouds that float over the head of Orford. When the farm upon which they had camped for five years finally changed hands, and the shore-front was put to other uses, the Shaybacks had to move but half a mile to find another site, lacking some of the characteristic features of the first one, but possessing compensating advantages. The beach was not so smooth or sandy, but the spring was more convenient. We missed the point for our hammocks, but a great, towering, forest-crowned cliff reared its battlements against the northwest wind. And there was a grassy, open park, so well protected by a thick wall of trees, that no rude storm, however violent, could disturb the trustful composure of our tents. We were also nearer to Georgeville, and nearer to Farmer Bigelow's milk fountains, that irrigated our oatmeal pudding every morning, and diluted our chocolate at night. The Shaybacks vote unanimously that never have they had a more perfect camp-site than the one thus chosen and annually reoccupied.

The shores of the lake abound with drift-wood, and the groves contain an abundance of dried cones and dead limbs, which furnish fagot-gatherers with a plentiful harvest. Only one who has camped upon the Plains, without a stick of wood or even a buffalo chip to cook a meal, can appreciate the luxury of camping where wood seems to be as abundant as earth or water. In the immediate vicinity of the camp-ground there are no less than twelve varieties of trees. Cedar, birch, hemlock, maple, and spruce abound, some of which fill an important part in the constructive processes of camp life. The water of the lake is soft and pure, excellent for cooking and washing. The little babbling brook which sings in the storm and is quiet in the sunshine, and the clear, cold spring within a few feet of the kitchen tent, furnish a constant supply of ice-cold water on draught.

The habitual camper soon becomes, by education, a very fair topographical engineer. He knows a good camp-ground when he sees it. He must have an eye for a beautiful

situation, but, remembering the inexorable round of camp duty, he will not overlook considerations of practical convenience. It takes the pilgrim Shaybacks, after they have landed with the heterogeneous baggage, but a short time to determine where their tents shall be placed. The ladies have the first choice, and invariably display a remarkable intelligence in making it. The slope of the ground, the outlook, convenience to the kitchen and the shore, relations to the picturesque and the symmetrical, as well as the important question of adequate shelter, — all assist in determining the location of the tents. Military regularity is not required. The kitchen tent is not far from the shore, and the dining tent not far from the kitchen. Having once had to make a round trip of half a mile for every pail of fresh water, when camping on the Penobscot, Mr. Shayback recognizes the advantages of having the camp-fire near a good supply of water.

These canvas houses are to be the pilgrims' shelter for four weeks; it is worth

while, therefore, to put them up properly to begin with. It speaks well for the engineering operations of the Shaybacks that in the course of ten years' camping they have never had a tent blown down. There have been times when such an exigency has seemed very probable. Against a north or south wind Camp Merriman was well protected; but when a tornado west by south swept over the lake, rolling great billows on the shore, and roaring through the trees like a legion of demons, the tent-poles bent and swayed; there was an immense flapping of canvas, and on two occasions the whole camp sallied forth from their tents at four o'clock in the morning, to witness the grandeur of the storm, and to hang on for a time to the guy-ropes. Eternal vigilance is the price of an upright tent. Every night before going to bed it is important to heed the injunction of Isaiah, to "lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes." Mr. Shayback never retires for the night without a lantern, an axe, and a sledgehammer within easy reach in case of need,

and it not infrequently happens that he is obliged to go forth at midnight, in undress uniform, to pound some recreant tent-pin or tighten a loose fly. In their first camp on the Penobscot the ladies who occupied a tent adjacent to Mr. Shayback's thought it a necessary precaution at night to have a rope pass underneath the tents, one end of which lay within their reach, the other being attached to Mr. Shayback's arm. Necessity never required the use of this danger signal, but attempts were made on more than one occasion to haul Mr. Shayback from under the canvas by means of it. The amount of giggling heard in the next tent showed that the motive was certainly not alarm.

Each tent is provided with a fly, which furnishes a second roof, keeps off rain, and renders it cooler. To keep out dampness the tents are all floored. Lumber for this purpose is stored from year to year in the barn at the farmhouse, and when a new supply is needed it is brought on the Lady from Newport, or by wagon from Fitch Bay. The

ten tents, the number in their last camp, are put up in a remarkably short time. In the work of settling there are no spectators. Every one takes hold. The first day is usually a hard one. The muscles are unused to exertion, but they are quickened by an active and unflagging enthusiasm. In the work of flooring the tents the mechanical capabilities of women are beautifully illustrated. Mrs. Shayback and Arline established on the Penobscot the precedent of cutting, fitting, and laying down their own tent-floors. They and their associates have ever since kept up this practice. Owing to the inequalities of the ground it is not always an easy matter to lay a level floor, but there are plenty of stones to shore them up, and it is only by some special grace of feminine resignation that the male members are permitted to carry them. The facility with which Mrs. Shayback will use a saw and hammer, a screw-driver, a brace and bit, and other useful tools, is only equaled by the ease and promptness with which she can get a meal for a dozen hungry campers.

Ticks for bedding are filled with straw at the farmhouse. Some of the campers use cots. Those who wish a luxurious couch make a box six feet long and about four feet wide ; this is filled with hemlock boughs, and the well-filled tick is laid upon it.

On the second day a large dining-tent table is built, either under the shade of the trees in the grove, or under a tent-fly. Skids are made to draw up the boats ; a spigot is put in the kerosene oil barrel ; the hammocks are put up ; fish-lines rigged ; and various shelves and tables are made around the kitchen tent, usually by Calvin or Mrs. Shay-back. The camp-ground is then cleaned up. The lumber left over is piled neatly up behind the tents. Hardly a day passes but a piece of it is wanted for some new purpose. The ladies take much pride in the decoration and arrangement of the interior of their tents. They are cozy and comfortable. It would not be difficult for the casual observer to tell the sex of the occupants from the taste displayed in ornamenting them.

It takes two days to get well settled, and then Mr. Shayback, and his male associates apply themselves with intelligence and vigor to the construction of the camp wharf. The trees are cut in the forest and sawed to the desired length of piles. A calm day is chosen for the work in the water. Clad in his bathing suit, Mr. Shayback with a huge mallet drives the piles into the yielding sand. Stringers of cedar are placed upon them with cross-pieces, and over these boards are nailed. The little wharf when made is found to pay for the labor in saving boats from wear and their occupants from wet feet.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMP OCCUPATIONS.

“BUT how do you spend your time after you are settled?” is the question which the pilgrims are often asked.

In reply we may say that time is shorter at Memphremagog than at any other place. *Ennuï* is unheard of. The order of daily life among these settlers is very simple. Some of them are stirring about half-past five in the morning. Occasionally a woman's head may be seen at this hour thrust out of the tent door, with the flaps drawn tightly around her neck, scanning the clouds to see what the weather is to be. Mr. Ganzbach fills the kerosene stove in the kitchen tent, gathers twigs for a camp-fire out of doors, puts on water to boil, and chops wood. Water must be drawn from the lake for

cooking purposes. The milk is brought by Lisel from the farmhouse. Mr. Ganzbach is the presiding genius of the kerosene barrel, and, like a wise virgin, always fills the lanterns in the morning before breakfast. Mrs. Shayback is the chief cook. Mrs. Ganzbach assists her. Mrs. Gingwerth, Hosanna, and Arline set the table by turns.

Breakfast reigns about half-past seven, and generally consists of rye or oatmeal pudding, bread, butter, milk, cream, potatoes, fish, meat, or omelet, apple-sauce, oatmeal, crackers, and pilot bread, all eaten from bright tin-ware.

First that which is physical, afterward that which is spiritual. Accordingly, we sing a hymn after breakfast, read a psalm, and recite together the Lord's Prayer. It helps us to resist the common tendency of camp life to revert to primitive barbarism.

Breakfast over, the dish call is sounded. Mrs. Gingwerth presides with grace and ease at the dish-washing. The children take turns at the wiping. Many hands make light work, and the men frequently furnish a pair for

this purpose. The ladies then make their beds and put their tents in order. The gentlemen defer this duty as long as possible, arguing that it is much better to let the beds air until late in the afternoon. As a consequence of holding such theories — the theory being founded on the practice, not the practice on the theory — they frequently suffer the incalculable shame and remorse of finding at night that the ladies have made up their beds for them. I notice that, in spite of a troubled conscience, they generally sleep better on such nights than when they make their beds themselves. The punishment they receive is not calculated to cure the evil.

After breakfast a trip is usually made to Georgeville for the mail, and to get any necessary addition to the stores, whether it be a pound of lead for a sinker, a dozen eggs, or the meat which the butcher leaves twice a week. The duties of the camp are considered to be synonymous with its recreations. This may not be always the case, but it is pleasing to look at it in that way. It

is difficult to say under which classification fishing would sometimes come, but this forms an important part of camp occupation.

At noon occurs the daily bathing carnival. The water is delightful, cool enough to be bracing without chilling. The children take lessons in swimming, the sandy beach with its gradual descent furnishing a safe place for this purpose. One of the advantages of fresh-water camping is that the tide is always high, which permits a bath at a regular hour each day.

Dinner follows an hour after bathing. The bill of fare reveals a wholesome and pleasing variety. But a camp dinner to be appreciated must be eaten with a camp appetite. When this is sharpened to its proper edge it cuts a beautiful swath through the well-spread table. Camp cookery has been reduced to a science. The kerosene stove is much prized, and is supplemented by a complete boiling, baking, and steaming apparatus. The kitchen is as well appointed as one could desire, and its administration is as thor-

ough as could be conceived. This branch of camp life the women insist on keeping in their own hands, and the men wisely let them. A few years ago a former editor of the "Christian Union," who frequently exercised his literary gift under the shade of a tree near the camp-fire, was allowed, as a mark of distinguished consideration, to watch the potatoes as they boiled at the hour of noon. His discovery that very good charcoal could be made by letting all the water evaporate has somewhat blackened his reputation as a cook, and his example is held up as an awful warning to all who accept such responsible trusts. The remarkable success of the cooking department has inspired such awe among the male members of the colony that they look upon the camp kitchen and its humane divinities with an awe akin to reverence; and if they were to fall into idolatry while in camp, we fear it would be that gastric idolatry which Paul repudiated.

A portion of the afternoon is spent, perhaps, in the hammock in the hush of slumber

with which the brain acquiesces in a good digestion. But it would be a very strange day, morning or afternoon, which did not find some of the boats in active use on the varied waters of the lake. Some of the camp members — Mr. Shayback and Mr. Pod are examples — spend much more time on water than they do on land. The navy consists of five boats, — the Garfield, the Hippogrif, the Jeanie Deans, the Lassie, and the Achilles, named in honor of its builder, presumably a descendant from the Homeric hero, who has put off his ancient armor, laid down his pictured shield, and is now the best boat-builder on the lake. The five boats carry the entire camp party when necessary. The children are allowed the use of the boats within the limits of the bay, the only restriction being that they shall not go out in them unless there is one boat with oars left at the beach. A very ordinary day's work at the oars for the men is eight or ten miles. Mr. Shayback has rowed twenty and Mr. Pod twenty-two. That gentleman, rejoicing

in the possession of a new boat, rowed the length of the lake from Magog to Newport (thirty miles) within twenty-four hours. In six days he has rowed one hundred miles. Mr. Shayback finds employment for a large portion of his time in fishing for lunge or lake trout. In this enterprise he is heroically seconded by Mrs. Gingwerth. Any attack upon the vocation of the fisherman Mr. Shayback considers an assault upon the origin of Christianity. James and John, Peter and Andrew, and even Jesus himself, engaged in fishing enterprises. If we may appeal to ecclesiastical tradition there seems no more appropriate occupation for a minister than this. The fish has played an important part in the symbolism of the Church. But Mr. Shayback values it simply because it is good to eat. All wanton destruction of animals or insects is forbidden by camp usage. Chipmunks, squirrels, field-mice, moles, spiders, crickets, centipedes, share the hospitality of the camp without molestation. But a good mess of perch or an eight-pound lunge

makes a very good substitute for a meat dinner, and lightens the expense bill. The perch are caught with angle-worms or surface trolling; the lunge by deep trolling, which is described in a subsequent chapter.

As for the youngsters, it would require a volume amply illustrated to give an indication of the extent of their daily activities. They paddle about in the cove with the boats, within boundaries agreed upon in a treaty of peace with their guardians. They fish at anchor or troll near the shores for perch, or build rafts furnished with paddle-wheels. They tumble about like dolphins at their daily bath, and rend the air with screams and laughter. They discover delightful little summer houses in the maple grove, or play house, or have a grand Indian hunt. They ride the horses in the pasture, find great satisfaction in the kittens lent from the farmhouse, or watch with rapt attention Dio's magic pencil. The day does not seem quite finished for the children, if they do not gather in a tent by themselves and listen to

Dio's story of Mr. Pumpkin-seed, which serial is not finished until the camp itself is concluded.

The daily routine of camp life is varied by occasional excursions to new regions. Sometimes the Shaybacks hire a team and make a raid upon the enterprising town of Stanstead, never forgetting to visit the old farmhouse on the hill that overlooks the plain. A family ticket on the Lady furnishes the whole party a trip to Newport or Magog when they desire it, and there is the great puffing, asthmatic, lumbering Memphremagog, which crosses the lake once or twice a day from Georgeville, when it is not tempted elsewhere by more lucrative business. Directly facing the camp, on the opposite shore of the lake, is a bold promontory known as Gibraltar. Some ten or more years ago a company of capitalists from Montreal conceived the idea of building a large hotel on this point, in hopes that it would attract tourists from Montreal. Twenty or thirty small cottages were erected in the immediate vicinity of the

hotel. The hotel was lathed, when the company burst like a bubble. The house and grounds were afterwards sold at a great sacrifice. The building with its shining tower still adorns the cliff, and once or twice a year the pilgrims make a trip to the site of its desolation.

The ascent of Owl's Head is usually made by some of the party once a year. That broad, magnificent view cannot be easily put into the narrow pages of a book. The beautiful breeze-wrinkled lake lies at the foot of the mountain. Twelve miles away, Newport, at its head; eighteen miles to the north, Magog, at its foot. Here and there, islands break the continuity of the silver sheet, and forest-crowned bluffs and peninsulas thrust their feet into the waters. On the east side, the view is unbroken by mountains save those wrapped in a blue haze in the distant circle of the horizon. There lies Fitch Bay, looking like a little lake itself, the observer hardly suspecting the narrow arm which joins it to Memphrenagog. Far away to the north-

east, almost hidden in Canadian forests, one catches a glimpse of Massawippi. On the west side lies Brome Lake, between the Bolton Hills and Sugar Loaf Pond, serving as a basin for Elephantis, whose enormous head and ponderous trunk are stretched out before us. Away to the north rises bald-headed Orford, to which Owl's Head must yield the palm of altitude. On the waters, the Lady seems like a toy boat, and the skiffs of the fishermen like peanut shells. Vast argosies of clouds enrich the scenery of the sky.

A trip to Mount Orford is another temptation to which the campers less frequently yield.

In August or September, when the Shay-backs camp, the sun sets before seven o'clock. The boats are drawn up and fastened for the night, the lamps lighted in the tents, the children are put to bed. An hour is devoted to games or reading, and generally by half-past eight, seldom later than nine, the Shay-backs have retired to that measure of rest which tired muscles and a good conscience afford.

On Sunday, service is regularly held at eleven o'clock in the grove, if the weather permits. If not, it is held in one of the large tents. The camp has never been without the presence of one clergyman, and generally it has two. When these gentlemen cannot sufficiently overcome their native modesty to read one of their own productions, the camp sermon-barrel, in which Phillips Brooks, Robertson, Channing, and others have been salted down, is drawn upon for the occasion. A few of the villagers usually grace the occasion with their presence.

No priest could ask a finer temple than that which God has built for us.

“The blue sky is the temple’s arch,
Its transept earth and air ;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

“The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine ;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.”

“ Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song ;

sing unto the Lord, all the earth!" said the Psalmist; yet these hills and mountains had been singing to the Lord ages before the Psalmist wrote his exhortation. And they are still praising Him. David is gone, and the language he spoke no longer lives and breathes. But the hills and mountains here still sing their hymn of beauty and sublimity; still hold the lake like a cup in the hollow of their hand in thankful recognition of Him who "sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills." Oh, the rest, and reverence, and love which seem to lie at the heart of Nature in her most peaceful moods! And when the storm comes, as sometimes it does, and the lake is torn into shreds of vapory fury; when the lightning whirls its fiery sword, and the thunder would seem to crack the very hills,—there is no profanity in that storm, no irreverence in the voice of the wind or the rhythmic beat of the waves. It is the same psalm. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof:

the world and they that dwell therein ; for He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods.”

The hills are full of echoes. We have tried them with voice and trumpet ; they do not fail us. But we know also that they are full of echoes for the mind and heart. They respond to the reverence, trust, and praise which the soul sings to them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAMP KITCHEN.

“BUT who does the cooking?” is the question perpetually asked of the Shaybacks. In a general way it may be answered that *it does itself*, but that reply does not satisfy feminine curiosity, and unless the prosaic details are given the skeptics will never be convinced that one of the pleasantest ways to spend a vacation is to go into the woods and cook for ten or a dozen people for a month.

Coöperation being the basis on which the Shaybacks have conducted all camp operations, that feature is naturally carried into the culinary department. Servants are regarded by them as a necessary evil of city life. The presence, therefore, of any person who is in any sense considered an inferior has never been tolerated in this little republic of

campers. An equal division of labor so reduces the amount expected from each individual member that it is really no more than is pleasant in the way of exercise. And if the merry-makings at dish-washing and wiping, the delightful *tête-à-têtes* over whipping cream or beating eggs, or even the friendly arguments at fish-skinning down on the beach, were to be dropped out of the day's doings, there is no book, no hammock, which might otherwise be enjoyed for an extra hour, that could replace them.

The cooking tent is only 7×7, in the centre of which Mrs. Shayback sits on a tin cracker-box. From this modest throne she can reach any dish in her buffet on one side (which, as in early days, is built up of canned goods and ends of boards), her box of stores on the other, and her cooking range in the rear; while the front of the tent is usually occupied by Mr. Pod, who sits on the low step made by the raised floor, picking over raisins and discussing Dante, or by Calvin opening a bottle of salad oil, or Mrs. Ganz-

bach beating eggs. If it is morning, and chilly, one or two children may be allowed inside to warm their fingers over the glowing stoves. The tiny stove of the far-off camping time at Fern Point, so small that it "could go under a silk hat," is replaced by two three-burner kerosene stoves, over which a fabulous amount of work may be accomplished without any exertion. But for so large a family it is often necessary, and always cheerful, to have a supplementary out-door fire. The genius of Calvin supplied this in the form of an immense flat stone placed on three stakes driven firmly into the ground, on which rests a galvanized iron "wind-shield" that came originally to be used with the kerosene stove. Here dish-water is heated and potatoes are boiled, and over the glowing coals such toast is made as never a hotel with walls could furnish.

All kitchen as well as table ware is tin, the brightest and best, save one stoneware dish for stewed fruit. Silver-plated knives, forks, and spoons are used on the table, but

the kitchen tent boasts a steel knife that has been to India and back, and a fork with two tines that has served its day and generation for a hundred years.

“Eat from tin! I could never do that,” is a not infrequent exclamation of people who are ignorant of the joys of camp life. It would be hard to find any one who likes dainty linen and delicate china, at home, better than our campers, but at the same time they think that there is nothing like tin for the woods. It is compact, takes little room, is easily washed and wiped, never breaks, and the fact that one never eats from it at home gives the element of complete change, which is one of the fascinations of camping.

“Tablecloths?” the critic continues in doubt. Tablecloths! Bless your heart! No. What should we do with tablecloths when we have the sweetest and cleanest of pine boards to eat from? It was only this morning that the hands of Mrs. Gingwerth, unaccustomed to such toil, scoured it with sand for the pure fun of it. Cover up the

work of those fair hands with every-day linen such as one uses at home — not a bit of it. Napkins? Yes, because pine shingles even are not pliable enough to wipe one's lips.

But the long table is just as carefully laid for each meal as though Ireland had sent its linen and France its china to deck it. And the bunch of golden-rod and asters, the exquisite ferns and water-lilies add a grace that leaves nothing to be asked.

The twelve or fourteen hungry men, women, and children that gather about the polished board might demur at the last sentiment. They do ask more than beauty, a good deal more. Whatever their appetites at home, they are gloriously hungry under the trees. If it is perch chowder with which they are to be served, a full caldron must be prepared. If it is breakfast, and rye, oatmeal, or graham pudding is the staple, a two-gallon kettle must be bubbling in anticipation of the delicious cream which the children are bringing down from the farmhouse. If it is griddle-cakes and honey, a well-worn path is

made between the cooking tent and the dining table before the demand ceases. If it is boiled rice and raisins, to be eaten with maple syrup, the snowy kernels must fill the largest serving-dish, and the raisins be generously distributed, or the dreaded (?) "vote of censure" will be passed.

People of a statistical turn of mind want to know just how long it takes to do the domestic work of the camp. Let us take a single day and see.

Mrs. Shayback, who delights in cooking, but whose hands during the other eleven months of the year are never free from pen, pencil, or editorial scissors, greets the dawn with alacrity. Fifteen minutes is ample time in which to don the light gymnastic dress and prepare for the kitchen tent, where a high-necked, long-sleeved, gingham apron is ready to cover her completely like a cloak of charity. Mr. Shayback has considerably filled the water-pails before yielding to the temptation that uncaught lunge constantly offer, or Calvin is at hand to do it. Or, per-

haps, it is Mr. Ganzbach who thus loyally remembers the cook. Ten to one Mrs. Ganzbach, the "fagot-gatherer," has a bright fire on the out-door hearth, and some good angel has filled the kerosene stoves. Mrs. Shayback lights them, putting water for oatmeal and coffee on one and the oven on the other; stirs up a johnny-cake or a pan of gems, and then sits down on her tin cracker-box to read a novel or write a letter.

If there are fish to fry, an omelet to make, a stew to concoct, or cold meat to slice, she does it all without rising from her seat. The fish are brought to her ready to drop into the sweet Indian meal; Arline happens past the tent in time to beat the eggs; one of the boys is waylaid as he goes by and enticed into bringing the meat from the brook-refrigerator, and thus each one who ventures near her cookship is impressed into service.

In due season the children climb the hill for the milk and cream, and bring cold water from the spring. Mrs. Gingwerth and Arline lay the table, and in an hour from the time

Mrs. Shayback sat down to get the morning meal — an attitude which to the city cook might seem rather lazy — she puts a cornet to her lips and calls her family to break its fast. The call is obeyed with commendable punctuality by all save the lone fisherman on the lake, whose ears the notes have reached, but who loves to illustrate the old adage that “none are so deaf as those who won’t hear.”

Nearly an hour is devoted to the disposition of this early repast. The hymn is sung, in which all voices gladly unite, and the singing-books are put away. Mrs. Ganzbach and Arline repair to the other tents and put them in order. Mrs. Gingwerth with her dish-mop, soap-saver, and plenty of hot water, makes the tin-ware shine, while the children and their papas give it the final rub, and the merry mingling of laughter and fun shows that they make light of the task. Mrs. Shayback, meanwhile, quietly withdraws and hangs herself in her hammock among the trees, or ensconces herself in the Crow’s Nest overhanging the lake. In little more than an hour

from the time when the campers were summoned to breakfast the morning's work is done and all are scattered to read or row, to walk or talk, as each may choose.

Dinner is served at two o'clock. The bath in the lake is taken at noon by all who will. On her way to the lake Mrs. Shayback usually stops to light the stoves. After a refreshing swim and reading the mail, which the children have brought from the village, she returns to the 7×7 tent. Some of the little folks have rubbed the ragged jackets from the delightful new potatoes, the water for which is boiling. Calvin has opened the can of tomatoes and is ready to lend a hand at breaking up the macaroni or shelling the peas, while he plans with the cook all sorts of new conveniences in the way of rustic seats and miniature bridges.

The lamb is put to roast, or the fish to bake, — if the fisherman has been lucky, — and Mrs. Shayback sits down on her cracker-box again and resumes her German novel. The dessert was prepared while the others were

washing the breakfast dishes : a custard, blancmange, lemon jelly, a picnic pudding, or some such trifle. No cakes or pies are allowed. Fruit, either fresh or the best brand of canned, is always added, and two or three times a week nuts and raisins.

In spite of the novel-reading things seem to come out right at the proper time. The children think beets were never so tender, peas so sweet, and potatoes so mealy, as come steaming hot on the pine table at two o'clock. Certainly there was never such lunge, and Faneuil Market has no better lamb.

By three o'clock the last nut is picked, save a few badly cracked ones that are left for the squirrels. By four o'clock the last vestige of dish-washing has disappeared. Not a scrap of food is left to attract the flies. Not an unsightly remnant but has been safely disposed of in the "scrap-box," to be rowed off and thrown into deep water, or buried in a pit.

Two or three hours remain of the peaceful day. At seven the bugle calls the group

together. A tin cup and a tin saucer are placed for each person. A tower of bread and butter, ready spread, a basket of oatmeal biscuit, a pitcher of milk, a pot of chocolate, with whipped cream, and a dish of berries or stewed fruit, is the simple "tea," which never varies. Ten minutes is sufficient time to prepare it; ten minutes more to clear it away. At eight the day is done. The children are safe in bed, and only a few of the elders are dissipated enough to sit up till the late hour of nine.

The domestic work has gone of itself. The chief cook certainly can recall nothing but a few odd bits of it interspersed with reading, writing, and the pleasantest converse with congenial friends.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PIQUANCIES AND PERILS OF A STEAM YACHT.

ANY history of our camp life in Memphremagog would be meagre and incomplete which did not recognize the pride and glory of our navy, the little steamer Nymph. It was the second year of the occupancy at Camp Merriman that the Shaybacks saw a little, graceful, noisy, industrious steam-launch puffing its way towards Magog.

“How nice it would be to have a little steamboat!” said Mr. Shayback.

“Yes, it would,” said Medfield.

The ladies were more cautious in expressing their opinion, but it was discovered that they thought such a boat would be delightful, provided the boiler could be kept from going up, or the hull could be kept from going down.

Mental pictures of the delights of cruising on the clear waters of the lake were rapidly painted. The steamer was interviewed, and the description which the owner gave of its qualities was considered to be far within the limits of truth. The bargain was concluded. A check and a bill of sale changed hands, and the *Nymph* changed owners.

Biography has impartially recorded the proud elation of youthful Benjamin Franklin when he came into possession of a small whistle. But the Shaybacks' whistle was a large one; still more it was a *steam*-whistle; yet further, there was a steamboat attached to it. The new craft was, to all intents and purposes, a high-pressure toy, but a very useful and enjoyable toy; and the Shaybacks never thought they paid too much for their whistle except on one or two occasions. Medfield and Mr. Shayback were equal partners in this ownership, and for the sake of dignity the association formed was called the International Memphremagog Steam Navigation Company. The steamer thus acquired was

thirty feet long, six feet beam, and drew two feet of water. It had a four-horse-power engine, with an ample boiler three and a half feet in diameter, and five feet high ; a capacious fire-box, capable of burning wood or coal ; a siphon for bailing out the boat ; a steam-pump, and the usual mechanical fixtures of a small yacht, except an injector. The hull was stanch and stiff ; there was no cabin, but an awning on an iron framework covered the boat, and furnished protection against sun and rain. There were lockers for tools and provisions ; boxes for coal and wood ; a graceful flag-pole stood erect in the bow. The boiler was placed in the centre of the boat and the engine just abaft. By means of a rod connected with the rudder, the engineer could act as pilot when necessary. Rudder chains were also extended to the bow, where the pilot usually stood. The boat and its machinery were built in Canada, and used originally on the St. Lawrence, and then transported to landlocked Memphremagog.

The Shaybacks thus came into possession

of a foreign bottom, — a vessel born and brought up under the British flag; a vessel whose keel, on Memphremagog at least, had never crossed the American line.

It was a moment of supreme exhilaration when the little *Nymph* steamed into the cove and dropped anchor, and Chambeau, the obliging engineer, formally delivered her to Mr. Shayback, representing the International Memphremagog Steam Navigation Company. A trial-trip was made without unnecessary delay, during which her keel was rudely scraped on the dangerous ledges which flanked the approach to our harbor. A Canadian coast survey was informally organized, and the channel was distinctly marked by buoys. A second trip was made to Magog to land the engineer on his native soil, and the steamboat was declared ready for use.

The vanguard of the camp at this time consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Shayback, and their daughter Pusskin, two twin women doctors, — who looked so much alike that their identity was interchangeable, and who constituted,

with Mrs. Shayback, a trio of physicians, — and their nephew, Harry. The rest of the campers were to come two days later.

It was with mingled feelings of pride and responsibility that Mr. Shayback proposed to the ladies of the vanguard a trip on the *Nymph*.

“We will make a run to Georgeville this afternoon,” he said, “then steam across the lake to Gibraltar, and get back by sundown.”

The ladies graciously accepted the invitation. The steamer was cleared for action, the fire lighted, the bins filled with wood, and in about three quarters of an hour a demoniac shriek from the whistle announced to the responsive hills that the steamer was ready. The ladies were brought aboard in the tender, which was judiciously fastened behind.

Mr. Shayback forthwith proceeded to the bow to weigh anchor. On most steamers plying between the United States and foreign ports this office is performed by a windlass or a steam-engine. The superior muscle of the crew of the *Nymph* disdained all such mechanical expedients.

The anchor had taken a firm grip in the sand and refused to be parted. After considerable vain tugging the chain was slackened, a few turns of the propeller sent the boat ahead, the anchor was forced to loosen its grip, was drawn on board, and the *Nymph* sailed slowly out into the channel. Harry stood at the engine, Mr. Shayback at the tiller, and her head was pointed toward Georgeville.

“How delightful!” said Mr. Shayback; “how nicely she obeys her rudder!” The ladies were not strangers to the mysteries of steering, but exhibited more curiosity in regard to the engine and its operations. They also asked various questions about the boiler, some of which seemed to be dictated by a sense of self-interest. As this was the first trip, Mr. Shayback was anxious to overcome all unnecessary solicitude.

“Just think of being able to light a fire under a big tea-kettle, and then to move at this rate without exertion!”

“Yes, it is delightful, only it seems rather

hot around the boiler. Do you have to keep poking wood into the furnace all the time?"

"It is necessary to keep up an even heat, and this wood is rather soft, and burns fast. But then it is not so hard to fire up as to row, you know. The gauge seems to interest you?"

"Yes, I was looking to see how many pounds of steam you have."

"About seventy now. She runs better at seventy. When we get her up to eighty she is apt to thump a good deal."

"How many pounds does the Lady carry?"

"About twenty-seven."

"Mercy on us! You don't mean that we carry more than twice as many pounds as the Lady?"

"Yes, but don't be afraid; the Lady is a low-pressure steamer, and that is where she differs from the twin doctors, Mrs. Shayback, and the Nymph, who are always at high-pressure."

"What is that glass for?"

“Oh, that’s the water-gauge; that tells how much water there is in the boiler.”

“Let me see how much there is now. I mean to watch this glass every time I go out.”

“Oh, there’s enough! There is a little pump here that draws the water from the lake into the boiler.”

“What is that water squirting from the side of the boat?”

“Well, you see the boiler is full, so that we have turned this valve, and the pump is discharging into the lake.”

Just then the rhythmic puffing which had been going on in the steam-stack suddenly ceased, and a loud noise of escaping steam came from under the stern of the boat.

“Dear me! what is that?”

“Oh, that is simply the exhaust-steam from the engine. Harry has been blowing his fire in the smoke-stack, and now he has turned it off from the fire and let it discharge into the air. The steam as it strikes the water makes a somewhat unpleasant noise. The great art

of running a steam-yacht," said Mr. Shayback, learnedly, "is to keep up an even rate of speed by preserving an even pressure of steam. When your fire is low then turn your exhaust into the smoke-stack, which helps the draft. Observe also the effect of a little lubrication. This cup on the top of the cylinder is filled with melted tallow. A slight turn of this screw lets a spoonful of it into the cylinder."

"My, how she shoots ahead!"

"Yes; the prompt effect of lubrication is suggestive for various situations in life."

"I suppose you will be working it up into a sermon some time."

By this time the *Nymph* was nearing Georgeville. Describing one of those graceful curves which the accomplished pilot, like the practiced skater, takes pleasure in cutting with his boat-keel, the *Nymph* rounded beautifully towards the wharf. The whistle was sounded with dignity; her speed was slackened, and at what seemed an appropriate distance the engine was shut off, the determina-

tion of the captain and engineer being to treat the *Nymph* with as much dignity and circumspection as if she had been a big frigate. The pilot had been informed that it was not advisable to run the nose of the boat violently against the pier, as the vessel had not been constructed to serve as a steam-ram, and the condition of the wharf at Georgeville was so precarious that it needed to be treated with all possible consideration. Therefore Mr. Shayback deemed it advisable to reverse the engine.

“Back her, Harry, back her!”

There was a rush of steam, and one or two thumps of the crank.

“She won’t back worth a cent,” said Harry.

This was quite evident when the steamer, although Mr. Shayback’s arms were put forth to avert the force of the blow, struck with a somewhat rude shock against the wharf. No damage was evident, however. There was a prevalent opinion on shipboard that the steamer could stand it if the wharf could.

The vessel was artistically tied by bow-lines and clove hitches. A half hour was spent in errands at the village, it being impossible to do even the smallest errand in Georgeville in a less space of time. Then the lines were cast off, and the helm was put about, and the *Nymph* was headed for Gibraltar.

It was about a mile across the lake to this bold cliff. Sailing under its shadow, we escaped the heat of the sun, and the yachtsman here is sure of a free keel.

“We can run very close to the shore,” said Mr. Shayback; “there is plenty of water.”

“Yes,” said Harry, “there seems to be a plenty of water inside the boat, too; I think we could spare some of it.”

He turned the valve in the steam-pipe and let on the siphon and blew a heavy stream of water into the lake.

“How nice that is!” observed one of the twin doctors, who was naturally interested in the anatomy of the boat and its venous circu-

lation. "You can blow the water out without bailing it. But what makes so much water there?"

"Oh, you see there is always a little from the condensation of the steam! And then the hull is not *perfectly* tight."

We sailed along a few minutes more on the west side of the lake, enjoying the calm water and cool air, and a sense of superior leisure, as we looked at the rowers in a small boat who were laboriously making their way with an "ash breeze."

Mr. Shayback was in the stern holding the tiller. Harry was engaged about the engine, the ladies had settled down to the feminine occupation of reading and handiwork.

"Jimminy!" said Harry, with emphasis. Then turning to Mr. Shayback, he remarked in a confidential manner, "*she's leaking like blazes!*"

Mr. Shayback put his finger to his mouth invoking secrecy, and noticed that the water was coming in in a small but very steady stream just behind the engine. He cast his

eyes across the lake, and at once took his bearings for Camp Merriman, the tents of which formed little specks of white on the beautiful green background.

“Are we going back to camp?” said one of the ladies.

“Yes, I think we had better,” said Mr. Shayback. “I want to have a little time on shore before dark.”

Mr. Shayback might have found an additional argument in the condition of the boat, if he had wished to urge it.

Harry turned the steam in the siphon at intervals of about five minutes, which sufficed to keep the water below the fire-box. But the effect of drawing so much steam from the engine was to lessen the speed of the boat. If there had been a short allowance of fuel the condition of the expedition would have been somewhat precarious.

Not that Mr. Shayback was greatly concerned for the safety of the passengers and crew, for, in the smooth water that prevailed, all of them, numbering six, might have just

crowded into the Hippogrif, which was performing the responsible duty of tender. But it seemed a little ignominious that the Nymph, if she was to sink at all, should do so on her first regular trip. He also preferred to have this event occur in much shallower water.

It is hardly necessary to say that the course was made as direct as the nature of shoals and reefs would permit. And when, finally, the Nymph entered the camp-cove, she anchored in a kind of funereal silence, without any ostentatious shrieking of the whistle.

And now, with a great sense of relief at having safely landed the ladies, the next question that presented itself was, what to do with the boat?

Mr. Shayback and Harry immediately set themselves to discover the source of the leak, and then spent a precious hour in uselessly trying to stop it. The trouble was found to be in the bow. The blow at the Georgeville wharf had evidently started the stem-post. Oakum and putty were ineffectual. It is of

no use to put putty on below the water-line unless it has a chance to dry.

The sun was gradually sinking behind the hill in the west, and there was an equal certainty that the *Nymph* would sink also if something were not immediately done for her relief. It would have been possible to beach the boat then and there. But the next day she was to make her first trip to the United States, and Mr. Shayback was not ready to abandon either the boat or the cherished expectation.

“Let us wood up again, Harry,” he said, “and run her into Georgeville, and see if we can get any help.”

A little time was consumed in filling the bunkers, and the sun had already gone behind the hills when the *Nymph*, in the melancholy twilight, started forth again to seek a physician for her wounded nose and the somewhat wounded pride of her owner. It was not an agreeable thing to leave the three ladies and little Pusskin alone in the camp, with the darkness fast settling, nor was it agreeable to

start forth at this time in a sinking steamer. But necessity is the mother of compulsion.

In fifteen or twenty minutes Georgeville was reached. There stood the dilapidated old wharf grimly showing its teeth, and challenging us to another encounter. Discretion was deemed the better part of valor. We glided in peaceably alongside and amicably tied up to one of its logs. Leaving Harry to watch the fire under the boiler, and yet more vigilantly the water, which was striving to rise and put it out, Mr. Shayback jumped ashore, and ran to Bullock's store.

"Mr. Bullock, the *Nymph* has sprung a leak. Is there a boat-builder in the village?"

"The best man for you is Moses Achilles."

Mr. Shayback had heard of Moses, and also of Achilles, but did not know then that Memphremagog had united and preserved in one personality both of these ancient heroes.

"But where does this archaic personage live?"

"Across the lake, — up Knowlton's Bay."

The point indicated was about three miles away. This was discouraging. Mr. Shayback's hopes somewhat resembled the condition of the vessel.

"Can you furnish me a guide?" he said.

Mr. Bullock thought a moment.

"Well, I can send up for Jim Burbank; he knows where Achilles lives."

A boy was immediately dispatched to summon with haste this genius, already well known to the campers. Mr. Burbank was a loquacious, off-hand fellow, somewhat dilapidated himself, like the wharf which caused the trouble, and unable to sympathize at all with a boat which had acquired the vicious habit of taking in too much water. But he was a good fellow to keep one's spirits up on the trip that we were about to undertake, and I trust that he has abandoned the habit of keeping up his own spirits in any artificial way.

By the time we were ready to start, a crowd of boys, comprising almost the entire portion of the youthful inhabitants of Georgeville, had gathered on the wharf. It does not

take a group of boys long to know what is going on. Mr. Shayback was not surprised, therefore, to hear one of them say to the latest comer, in a confidential voice, "She 's sinking, Johnny!"

Here was an opportunity to be generous.

"Boys, would n't you like to take a trip across the lake?"

There was a dead silence. The irony of the invitation was detected. But a respectful solemnity befitting so funereal an occasion was politely observed.

"Well, cast her off, boys!"

The line was unfastened, the steamer was backed out, turned, and pointed across the lake. There was no moon, but the stars were shining brightly. Mr. Shayback took the helm. Harry served again as engineer, while Burbank called out "port" and "starboard" from the bow, as occasion required. It was nine o'clock when we started on a voyage whose issue was wholly uncertain. It was a contest between fire and water,—the water rising from time to time almost to the grate-

bars, while the fire furnished steam to expel it from the boat. We soon found that it was too wasteful of steam to rely wholly upon the siphon, and Burbank was stationed in front of the boiler with a pail, to bail out the water and keep the draft clear. He selected a bright particular star for Mr. Shayback to steer by, and diverted the flagging spirits of the company by copious sketches of his life and adventures.

The pilot had little to do but to preserve a straight course. Under the circumstances the vessel exhibited only that decorous rate of speed which we might expect of a steamboat going to its own funeral. Burbank's tongue was the one thing that ran fast on board, and this vied with the engine in its rhythmic regularity. Finally the lake was crossed, and the steamer entered the broad mouth of the bay. The star of our hope still shone before us, but Burbank chose a nearer beacon more definitely indicating our destination.

“Do you see that light across the starboard bow? Well, keep her head towards that.”

“Does Achilles live there?”

“No; but there is a beautiful cove this side of it: we will beach her there, and then go after him.”

The fisherman knew every rock and snag along the shores of the bay, even in the dark. His brain, when not artificially irrigated, was as good as a coast survey map. I dare not say how many terrible disasters, according to his own account, we avoided before we reached the little cove, by following his sailing directions.

The light came nearer and nearer, and grew larger and larger, and finally the time came when we put her helm starboard, shut down the steam, and, after prospecting in the small boat for a good place, ran her up as far as we could upon the beach. Props were cut and driven into the sand on each side of the yacht, to prevent its keeling over in case a storm should rise. Mr. Shayback in company with Burbank, whose appearance was calculated to excite pity, stated the harrowing tale of their shipwreck at the house near by. It

was found that the home of the Semitic Greek was about a mile away. Mr. Shayback desired to hire a horse and a buggy. Perhaps his appearance and that of his companion did not inspire confidence in the farmer, who probably saw no way in which a steam yacht could be utilized for agricultural purposes, in case his horse was not returned. He made an effort to excuse this inhospitality by pleading humanity to his already overworked beasts, which had done a hard day's plowing.

Burbank and Mr. Shayback thereupon set out afoot for the temple of the hero. They found that the Mosaic element in his character had triumphed over the Grecian. He had given up his polytheism, and had just come from a Methodist meeting. He was a great strapping fellow, six feet plus, of heavy frame and heroic features. He received us even more graciously than the ancient Achilles received Ulysses and his friends when they came to pacify his wrath. He promised to repair the boat in the morning, but said he

must have assistance, and gave us the names of two people who were to be roused on our way back. One of them had already long retired for the night, and was only awakened after a vigorous banging at the door, and then appeared in his *robe de nuit*, in a state of sleepy curiosity. He had a job of haying to do next day, but promised to be early on hand to help with the boat.

Returning then to the *Nymph*, we covered our engine with canvas, bade her a good night's sleep on the beach, undisturbed by winds or waves, and, taking the tender, pushed off from the shore. The contrast between sailing leisurely in the *Nymph* and earning our passage with a pair of heavy oars such as the *Hippogrif* possessed was made the subject of remark; but no little gratitude was expressed that the harbor we had found for the yacht was not at the bottom of the lake.

A direct course for camp would have shortened our trip by a mile and a half, but it was necessary to take both sides of the triangle

instead of the hypotenuse in order to leave Burbank at Georgeville.

The little village was wrapped in slumber when we landed. Not a soul was on the old wharf, and it seemed to grin at us as satirically as ever. Some seven hours had elapsed since we ran the nose of the *Nymph* into its timbers, and the wharf had not sunk yet. It was the same old wharf through which, on account of a rotten plank, Mr. Shayback had fallen a year before, and taken an involuntary bath in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. Next to the pleasure of seeing that wharf sink, nothing would have been so exhilarating as to see it go up through the elevating influence of a charge of dynamite; but it did not do either. It sat there in the water just as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened, and mocked us by its grim and silent complacency.

More than once our thoughts had turned to the three little women at camp, and, having landed Burbank, we pointed the prow of the *Hippogrif* towards the familiar cove a

mile and a half away. After fifteen minutes of vigorous pulling we rounded the long point, and, looking over our shoulders, saw the light of a red lantern on the shore. A loud, cheerful war-whoop from Mr. Shayback, a vocal idiosyncrasy familiar to the campers, showed that the welcome signal had been recognized. A faint but reassuring response came from the shore. The three short-skirted graces of the camp were there, wrapped in the halo of kerosene lanterns. They had not been eaten up by the squirrels or carried off by the night-hawks. The prow of the Hippogrif ran upon the sand. It was past midnight.

“Well, the Nymph is safe,” said Mr. Shayback, “and you are safe, and we are safe too. The joys of salvation are pretty well distributed,” and he rapidly recited the tale of their adventures. “But were n’t you afraid to stay alone in the woods until midnight?” he asked the ladies.

“No,” was the response.

“Did you feel anxious about us?”

“Oh — no! we did n't worry much. We thought you could take care of the boat and take care of yourselves too. But we are glad to see you back.”

Neither Harry nor Mr. Shayback had had any supper. They had been too much concerned for the interior of the *Nymph* to think of their own internal emptiness. Historic truthfulness compels us to say that the hot chocolate which Mrs. Shayback had thoughtfully prepared was a delightful midnight sequel to the anxious adventures of the day, and that the slumber of the tired mariners was as deep and refreshing as that of Ulysses when, after his still more perilous misfortunes on his raft, he sank to rest on the Phæacian shore.

The next morning Mr. Shayback and Harry rowed over again to Knowlton's Bay. They found the faithful Achilles and his men at work on the yacht. After taking a swim in the bay, and collecting a boat-load of wood in their tender, they returned to the *Nymph*, which was repaired and ready for use.

“I have patched her up now,” said the Canadian Greek; “but I advise you to put a new bow into her.”

“You would not advise me, then, to run her nose into the Georgeville wharf again?”

“No,” said the smiling Achilles.

“How much do I owe you?” said Mr. Shayback.

“Oh, about a dollar and a half!”

“Phew!” said Mr. Shayback, overcome by the shocking moderateness of the demand.

“Well, you see,” said Achilles, in an explanatory tone, “I must pay twenty-five cents apiece to these men for drawing her up.”

Mr. Shayback paid the bill without further protest. The fire was lighted, the steam was raised, the boat was shoved into deep water, and in about three quarters of an hour was once more plowing the smooth waters of the lake.

“Well, I think that we got out of that pretty well,” said Mr. Shayback.

“Yes,” said Harry.

Reaching the centre of the lake the white

specks of the camp-tents could be seen in the distance.

“Let us show them she is afloat again,” said Harry, and so he took the whistle-cord and gave a series of vigorous pulls. First a long screech, then a short screech, then a variety of staccato shrieks in triple time. The whistle seemed fairly intoxicated with elation, and screamed at the top of its voice until every bird and squirrel on the shores must have thought the Nymph had gone crazy.

Quite a different effect had this steam-whistle jig at Georgeville. It was known in what condition the boat had left the night before. The people at the store were filled with alarm. Paul Young, one of the best oarsmen on the lake, rushed down to the water for his boat. All unconscious of the alarm they had created, Mr. Shayback and Harry, in high feather at their good fortune, were steaming proudly towards Georgeville.

“Harry, do you see that fellow in a boat leaving the wharf?”

“Yes.”

“What a tremendous stroke he is pulling!”

“Jiniminy!” said Harry; “I think he is coming towards us. I wonder what’s the matter!”

The man seemed pulling for dear life; in a few minutes he was alongside.

“Do you want any help?” he cried.

“No, thank you,” said Mr. Shayback.

“Well, I thought you were sinking, you made such a tooting with the whistle.”

Mr. Shayback and Harry thanked him, however, as warmly as though he had saved their lives, and a week or two later they rewarded him by buying his boat at a price somewhat more than she was worth; and when, some weeks after, at the regatta at Magog, Paul Young came in ahead over all competitors, including some Montreal oarsmen, the penitential whistle of the *Nymph* and most of its passengers screamed themselves hoarse with congratulations.

CHAPTER X.

NYMPHIC NAVIGATION.

THE *Nymph* had escaped the watery grave which threatened her. She was once more seaworthy and ready to make her first voyage to the United States. *Medfield*, the other member of the International Memphremagog Steam Navigation Company, was to arrive at Newport on the following morning with the rest of the camp party. It was fitting that the steamer should be there to meet them. Returning to camp after stopping at Georgeville to assure the inhabitants that the *Nymph* still lived, we took in a good supply of fuel and set out in the afternoon for Newport.

The yacht, be it remembered, was a British vessel, and had never before entered an American port. Harry and Mr. Shayback, who

constituted the crew on this occasion, looked upon this event as one of the most important in her history.

Mr. Shayback had been to Newport many times on the *Lady* and had occasionally assisted at the wheel. There is a difference, however, between the casual passenger and the regular pilot. The passenger sees the surface of the water ; the pilot sees the river bottom beneath. He acquires a knowledge of its topography ; he knows just how many feet of water there ought to be under his keel at any given place. Mr. Shayback found that such knowledge was only acquired by experience.

The trip from Georgeville to Owl's Head was made in good time. The navigators were careful to keep clear of the reef which runs out from Molson's Island. They avoided also with a conscious pride the shoal water off Round Island. In an exuberant outbreak of patriotism they ran up the American colors on reaching the boundary line. Everything was going beautifully ; the engine was in fine

running order ; the yacht was making good time ; they could catch a glimpse of Newport in the distance. Within a few miles of this village is a beacon, looking very much like a gallows, standing in the water a few hundred yards from the shore. At night a guiding light for the mariner is hung from it. When a pilot observes such a beacon far out in the water he is certain that it means something. It means that he shall pass on one side or the other ; it does not always tell which. Mr. Shayback had often seen this beacon from the *Lady*, but had never comprehended its full significance. There were only two courses possible to the *Nymph* ; one was to take the right side and the other to take the left. Not knowing which was preferable, Mr. Shayback concluded to follow the usual custom on American country roads. His decision to pass to the right would not have been at fault provided he had been going in the opposite direction. For a few minutes the steamer seemed entirely satisfied with the decision. But it was not long before Harry's

face began to wear an anxious expression. He used his oil-can liberally on the engine and looked seriously at the fire-box, which was as full of wood as it could hold.

“What is the matter?” said Mr. Shayback.

“She is stopping,” said Harry.

The puffs in the escape-pipe grew slower and more labored. Mr. Shayback looked over the bow; the water was as clear as a bell. He could see the bottom beneath. He seized a boat-hook and plunged it into the water.

“Stop her, Harry,” he shouted, “we are on the mud flats!”

The injunction was hardly necessary; for the engine had stopped as if from sheer exhaustion. The situation was temporarily amusing, but it would rapidly cease to be so unless the yacht was got off. Mr. Shayback looked behind him. There was the *Lady of the Lake*; and there also the *Mountain Maid* and yet again the *Newport*; all of them but a few miles away and steaming towards

Newport. Should the stranded Nymph fling out a signal of distress and get one of these steamers to pull her from her miry bed? It seemed rather humiliating that on the first voyage to the United States they should be compelled to ask such assistance. Their reputation as navigators was at stake. They did not wish to be seen away up on these mud flats with the American flag flying at the peak, and that too not far from a beacon which was expressly erected by the United States government to warn them off.

Seizing the pole again they drove it into the sand and threw all their weight upon it. The steamer did not budge. The engine was reversed and once more the stranded seamen strained at the pole with desperate energy. The combined power of steam and muscle eventually proved triumphant.

The bad luck of the mariners in getting on the flats — if luck is the proper word to use in this case — was only equaled by their good luck in getting off. When Mr. Shayback is compelled to travel overland he pre-

fers to do it on some other vehicle than a steamboat. He tried the overland method some years ago on the Yellowstone River. The upper Missouri steamer always carries a pair of spars, which enable it to walk over a bar when it cannot sail over it. Locomotion is not rapid under such circumstances, and Mr. Shayback recalls one trip on that river, in which, owing to the large amount of land and the small quantity of water, it took nine days and nights to go a hundred miles. The water part of this trip was rapidly executed; it was the land part that took the time. The whole constitution and make-up of the *Nymph*, however, was such that she was much better adapted to travel by water than by any other element, and both Harry and Mr. Shayback were delighted when they found that there was again plenty of water beneath her thirsty keel. Backing into the channel, they started ahead again and reached Newport without further accident.

The fact that the principal steamers which constitute the merchant marine of the lake

were coming into port drew a crowd to the wharf, among them a numerous and unofficial delegation from the hotel. The *Lady*, the *Maid*, and the *Newport* were familiar sights to the onlookers, but the little *Nymph*, puffing energetically in the wake of the other steamers, was a new advent. The fact that she carried the American flag at her masthead tended to secure her a kindly reception from the small boys on the wharf, who gladly seized and made fast the scientific bow line which Mr. Shayback threw out.

Although we were actually Americans and were setting foot upon our native soil, we were metaphorically foreigners. At least, we were the owners of a foreign vessel, and it was necessary to make a formal representation at the custom-house, a proceeding which invested the *Nymph* and her owners with new dignity.

The foresight of the builders of this little craft had not provided it with a state-room, but tying her up for the night in a quiet, sheltered place, drawing down the awnings

and extemporizing some bunkers, Harry and Mr. Shayback had a good night's rest and in the morning a prosperous return voyage to camp with the rest of the party.

During the course of the four weeks which constituted the camp season, the *Nymph* in the first year of her career with the Shaybacks ran six hundred and fifty miles. In that time she scraped her keel, butted her nose on the wharf, ran aground on the flats, blew out her whistle-pipe from the top of her boiler, "picked up" several buoys and dexterously twisted their lines around the propeller, and encountered several extremely severe gales; but the little boat lived through all her adversities and sustained only superficial injuries.

The most serious event in her history was due to a second interference with that same dilapidated Georgeville wharf. The party on board consisted of Medfield, with his wife and two children; a former editor of the "Christian Union," and Mr. and Mrs. Shayback. Just as we were moving away from

the wharf a projecting log caught in the awning frame and forced it violently against the whistle-pipe, which cracked close to the boiler. Medfield stopped the engine immediately.

“It’s all up,” he said to Mr. Shayback, in a whisper.

The yacht was hauled back to the wharf, and the ladies and children landed. A jet of steam issued from the cracked joint.

“Perhaps the joint is only loosened,” said Mr. Shayback. “Let me bear against the pipe with this stick while you try it with the Stillson wrench.”

Medfield seized the wrench and gave the pipe a powerful twist. It broke short off at the top of the boiler, and the steam, at a pressure of eighty pounds, burst forth with a frightful and indescribable roar. Both Medfield and Mr. Shayback had a narrow escape from being scalded. Medfield, with his usual presence of mind, dropped to the bottom of the boat and drew the fire from under the boiler. The noise of the escaping steam

could have been heard miles away. It threw Georgeville into a state of temporary consternation. A few weeks before the inhabitants thought the Nymph had gone down; now it was reported that she had gone up. But when the deafening noise had subsided and the clouds of steam had passed away, she was all there, and the broken whistle-pipe was the only evidence of damage.

Yet, under the circumstances this was serious enough. Medfield and his family had embarked on the Nymph, expecting to take the night train from Newport to Boston, but here was an accident which might lay her up for two or three days until a skilled mechanic could come to our relief, the small resources of Georgeville being inadequate for such an emergency. It was then, however, that the superb mechanical genius of Medfield came into play. He inspected the hole in the boiler with a critical eye. The few tools that we carried consisted mainly of a hammer, cold chisel, files, and the invaluable Stillson wrench. With the hammer and chisel he

succeeded in dexterously cutting out the piece of broken pipe in the boiler head without injuring the thread into which it had been screwed. We had no extra pipe with us. The broken whistle-pipe was composed of two or three joints, to one of which the gauge was attached. Medfield's quick eye saw how these lengths might be taken apart and recombined. It was then that the Stillson wrench proved a friend indeed, but it needed Medfield's magnificent muscle to invest it with authority. The old joints were unfastened; a new end was screwed into the boiler, and by ingenious combinations of different lengths the whistle-pipe was reinstated and the gauge restored to its responsible position. It took but half an hour to do it. It took another half hour to get up steam again, and thus within an hour from the time of the accident which threatened to detain the *Nymph* two or three days at Georgeville, she had cast off her lines and, after a fresh and exultant scream with her whistle, proudly steamed toward Newport.

No one but the owner of a steam yacht, who enjoys the privilege of running her himself and helping her out of all her distresses, can appreciate the exhilaration which such ownership imparts. The exigencies that arise give but a new zest to the enjoyment. The man who owns a yacht so large that he must have a trained engineer and a trained captain to manage it is little more than a passenger on his own craft.

The possession of this steam yacht had an important influence upon feminine education. For the whole of one season the duties of engineer devolved upon Mr. Shayback and the responsible position of pilot fell to Mrs. Shayback. The engineer recalls with peculiar satisfaction various scenes in which feminine skill in navigation was beautifully displayed. The *Nymph* being a private boat had full liberty to run upon the rocks, break her nose on the wharf, blow up, or sink, as her caprice might determine. Neither the captain nor the engineer was required to have a government license for such indulgences.

The question which awhile ago agitated the United States, as to whether a woman who is perfectly able to perform the duties of pilot on the Mississippi River should be allowed a commission after her husband's death, did not come up at Memphremagog. Mrs. Shayback, without asking leave of President or Queen, simply took her place at the wheel and pointed the *Nymph* in the way she should go. In a short time she could make a landing with as much skill as any captain on the lake. She became familiar with such of the rocks, ledges, and shoals as sustained a threatening relation to the keel of the boat. For an entire week at the close of the camping season, Mr. Shayback was the only man left in the depleted company. He was, as the Germans say, a "Hahn im Korbe." Mrs. Shayback, Pusskin, and two lady campers constituted his social, and perhaps it may as well be confessed, his governmental environment. Notwithstanding this preponderance of female voters, neither the tension of camp duties, nor the heroic character of camp rec-

reations was at all relaxed. That demoralization which is sometimes supposed to come with woman suffrage was not experienced. Everything went on with equanimity and good order both on land and at sea. The navy department was administered with nautical skill; the treasury department with financial ability; and the interior department with the genius which has always distinguished its operations.

A pleasant way of using the Nymph under this administration was to start off in the morning for an excursion to some distant point and return at nightfall. A round trip of twenty-five miles made to Fitch Bay in this way comes vividly to mind. The beautiful amber day, the calm, clear water, — as peaceful as that which is mirrored in the twenty-third Psalm; the cruise among the islands; the voyage up the bay guarded with forests and walled with hills; the heron which spread his broad wings and hovered over the vessel; the refreshing bath; the delightful meal on a bold rock beyond the

Narrows, all come into focus again with that unfading color which is not easily washed out of our recollection of a good time. But there is one experience of the day which always comes into the foreground; it was the passage over the bar. The Shaybacks had been warned of its existence, and that on account of the low water it might be difficult to cross. Arriving at the mouth of the bay the ardor of the busy little engine was cautiously moderated, and the pilot kept a sharp lookout. It was almost impossible, however, to determine the channel simply by the eye, and in a short time the *Nymph* had run lightly aground. The ladies had no idea, however, of staying there. Mr. Shayback's duties as engineer required his presence at the engine. Nor was there any necessity for him to abandon his post, for Mrs. Shayback, with her keen zest for exploration, took the tender and went ahead to search for the channel. Arline, taking the boat-hook, stood in the bow of the steamer and made soundings. The tiller was temporarily intrusted to Zer-

lina, who was without previous experience in managing it. Coöperative navigation was the only kind here that promised any success. Mrs. Shayback, with the pilot's instinct for finding deep water, soon discovered the channel. But at best the depth of water on the bar was small. When Mrs. Shayback waved her invitation to proceed, Arline, from the bow of the Nymph, plunged her pole into the sand and reported the depth, while Mr. Shayback, with his hand on the valve, stopped and started as occasion required, and shouted "starboard" and "port" to Zerlina at the helm. The meaning of these terms was rapidly acquired; but being a young lady of positive character she made no half-way work with the tiller. Her sense of freedom in controlling it was equal to her sense of responsibility. If "port" was called, she gave all the port the tiller would permit. To correct the threatening deviation of the bow, it was immediately necessary to shout "starboard," when the tiller was swung to the other extreme. This decision of character on the

part of Zerlina gave a certain indecision to the course of the boat ; but Arline's pole was as good as another rudder at the bow. By the combined skill of these ladies and the facility with which they worked in opposition to each other, the Nymph was finally zig-zagged over the bar.

Memphremagog shares the inconstancy of all mountain-walled lakes. It is a fine playground for the winds. One can never tell when they may skip down from the mountains and break that glass mirror into a million ripples, or roll it into foam-crested billows. A little too sportive we think these winds for a sail-boat, but the Nymph carried no sail, and was so staunch that the wildest storm was not feared during the daylight so long as her machinery was in order. But occasionally the party was belated, and camp was not made until after darkness had settled over the lake. The rocks and ledges around our little cove were so dangerous that one needed to be perfectly familiar with the entrance to pilot the Nymph safely to her anchorage.

During the last year in which the yacht remained in the possession of the Shaybacks, it was made a rule to return to camp by sundown. This rule, of course, was broken on the very first trip. Two ladies from Leominster, Massachusetts, had made one of their ten annual summer drives through New England in a buggy. This time they had crossed the Canada line and surprised the Shaybacks in their camp. Ladies who could take together a round trip of five hundred miles in a buggy did not have any fear about trusting their safety to a steam yacht. An invitation to take a trip to Magog and back, twenty miles in all, was promptly accepted; and when the time for wooding-up came, the ladies carried their full share of sticks and insisted on trying the buck and saw. A new ash row-boat had been ordered for our navy. She was built at Lawrenceville, Canada, and was to come by rail to Magog. It was poetically assumed by Mr. Shayback that these enterprising ladies had come two hundred and fifty miles in a buggy to witness the launching.

Delay was experienced in starting, and again at Magog. A visit to the village consumed additional time. When finally the Garfield was triumphantly launched and hitched to the Nymph it was evident that if the engine did its utmost we could not reach camp before dark. Mrs. Shayback took the helm as usual, which is a warrant that no S's were written on the lake with the rudder; and Mr. Shayback did all that oil and wood permitted to keep up the speed of the engine. It was a race with the sunset. But we were too heavily handicapped. If we lost no time it was clearly impossible to gain any. Neither Joshua nor Hezekiah was available to lengthen the day for our benefit. Before we had reached Lord's Island the sun was far gone behind the hills. The day had been materially shortened by the heavy clouds which had been all the time gathering overhead, and growing blacker and blacker. There were fire and water, thunder and wind, in those sullen, inky masses. With no moon, and not a ray of starlight, it was not safe to run at

full speed. The darkness became so thick that Mr. Shayback fancied it impeded the progress of the boat. The camp had been left entirely uninhabited. As a matter of precaution a red lantern, the usual night signal, had been lighted and hung in its place on the point before we set out in the afternoon. Had the lantern been burning on the shore either Mrs. Shayback or her husband could have taken the boat into the harbor as easily as Captain Fogg put the *Lady* in at Newport. But the lamp chimney had partaken of the general blackness, and the wick, as it was afterwards found, had smoked itself out. All that we could do was to feel our way. The black mass of cedars and hemlocks rose like a dark wall on the east side of the lake. But the five white birches on the camp point could not be discerned. There was only one way in which we could approximately determine the location of our camp, and that was by the outline of the hill-tops, the curves of which could still be distinguished through the clouds above. The *Nymph*,

by this time, we judged, was about a mile south of Lord's Island. But the rudder was perplexed and the engine cautious. Not a single glimmer on the east shore ; only the sky line rose and fell with the curving and swelling of the hills. On the west shore, a mile and a half across the lake, opposite the camp, is the ruin of a sawmill. Two or three French families still live in the adjacent cottages, and make a precarious living by fishing and small farming. Once get the bearings of the sawmill and the Shaybacks knew well the diagonal which would bring them to the camp cove. The official lighthouses with which the lake is provided were too far away to be of any use in finding the harbor. A single gleam from a cottage by the sawmill would be worth all the lighthouses on the lake. Our pilot strained her sky-blue eyes — the only sky-blue there was in that darkness — towards the west shore where the dim line of Black Rock rose like a battlement. To the left of that cliff must be the sawmill cove. If we were to get any light it must come from that bay.

A swarm of lurid sparks rose from the smoke-stack, and ghostlike puffs of steam rhythmically shot into the air from the exhaust pipe, as the yacht slowly cut the darkness with her prow. It was a weird and awful night, and under its influence the voyage lost some of its character as a pleasure trip. Yet there was a strange fascination in the uncertainty and danger of the situation. The very darkness, thick with foreboding, demanded a new keenness in the eye, a new steadiness in the hand. Everything depended, in the first place, on the fidelity of the engine, and Mr. Shayback, by the aid of a lantern, watched each coupling, bolt, and screw, with exacting vigilance. He knew that the rudder was in good hands, and that no keener eye could search the mystery of the darkness.

It was a little pencil of light that tunneled its way through the gloom and kindled the pilot's eye.

“The sawmill! The sawmill!” she shouted.

All eyes were strained into the darkness.

A single glimmer of light shone from the west shore. Steadily it burned, as if it were a star that had set in the woods.

Ah, my good Frenchman! we thank you for your beacon. You lighted your lamp at the evening meal. You are comfortably smoking your pipe, or chatting with the children, or reading a paper a week old. You do not know how far that little candle — or was it a kerosene lamp? — casts its beams, and how welcome it is to the night-bound, storm-threatened mariners. You did not know when you lighted the wick that you would light a pair of blue eyes, and perhaps some faintly blue hearts upon the lake. I leave it to the casuists to determine whether the Frenchman is entitled to any credit for the benefit of an action whose indirect results he did not contemplate, and for an influence which he is still unconscious he exerted. But we easily forgive, and even commend, that form of selfishness which, while it serves the doer's pleasure, brings guidance and comfort to others. Far better than the sermon which Mr. Shayback preached

on the next day was that which gleamed from the Frenchman's lamp. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

The moment Mrs. Shayback saw that guiding light she put the helm to starboard and brought the stern within its range. If we could not steer by a light ahead we could steer by one astern. Slowly we steamed across the lake on the pathway of that gleam.

As the dark outline of the forests on the east shore became more distinct the engine was cautiously shut down at a safe distance. Mr. Shayback could not leave his engine, nor his wife the wheel. The tender was unhitched, and Ignatio, the only other gentleman in the party of seven, who was making his first voyage that day on the *Nymph*, took a lantern and went ashore. We had no time to lose. The wind was rising in the forest. Thrice welcome was his voice when it reached us with a reassuring cry. He had landed, found the camp, and in a few minutes the signal lantern was shining on the point.

Well done, Mrs. Shayback, you have brought her straight to the mouth of the cove.

Yet we are right over some of the worst ledges in the lake. Unless our pilot knows just what that light means, we are worse off than ever. Agnosticism will not do here. But Mrs. Shayback knows that Bedroom Point lies to the left, with its long rocky tongue; that Bastard Rock is standing two inches out of water to the right, though she cannot see the flag on the buoy. Once more the propeller lashes the water. Port goes the helm. "Steady." "Hard a starboard." "Port again." "Shut her down." Mr. Shayback skips forward to the bow. There is a loud splash in the water, a rattle of chain. The anchor is over. We are safe in our cove.

Hardly had we got the ladies ashore in the tender than one of the most terrific storms of that season broke on the lake with majestic violence. But the campers were safe within their tents. More than once during the night Mr. Shayback was down on the beach watching the tussle between the Nymph and the

storm, which continued until seven or eight o'clock the next morning ; but the anchor had a firm grip in the sand, and some blacksmith had put his conscience into the chain.

There is one element of mystery in the sequel to that trip which is tenderly submitted to our readers. Our Leominster ladies on account of the storm were obliged to spend the night in camp instead of returning to the hotel in Georgeville as they had expected to do. The same cause which prevented them from going that night to Georgeville prevented us from getting any supplies from the village for our Sunday dinner. There was no meat for our guests. There was a beautiful aquarium in front of our camp well stocked with voracious perch ; but it was Sunday.

Mr. Shayback was permitted to retire to his study in the woods to prepare himself for the church service at eleven o'clock. As he left the beach he noticed that a row-boat with some ladies in it left the shore. Two hours later the horn was sounded for the ser-

vice in the grove chapel, and all the campers being present Mr. Shayback preached his sermon. There was nothing remarkable in this; but when the dinner call was sounded later in the day a fine mess of fish appeared upon the table, and Mr. Shayback offered thanks, and ate, asking no questions for conscience' sake.

I leave it to the society for Psychological Research to determine how the fish got there. Mr. Shayback's theory is that they fell from heaven in the storm of the previous night, but that angel hands were still needed to hook them out of the waters beneath.

CHAPTER XI.

SPOON AND SINKER. — THE SCIENCE OF IT.

To the Shaybacks the charms of Lake Memphremagog have proved to be a progressive revelation. Each year has brought its own zest. It is without any corroding sense of regret that Mr. Shayback confesses that for the first four years of his stay at Memphremagog he was a stranger to the charms of the spoon and sinker. The two years spent with the steam yacht demand no reparation from any other enjoyment. The other years had their own novelties and excitements. Mr. Shayback's ignorance in regard to the spoon and sinker was shared at that time by the whole community. The spoon was well known to the fishermen, the sinker was no stranger, but the combination that I am about to describe had not then been introduced.

Of the various fish which inhabit the waters of Memphremagog pickerel, shad-waiters, pout, bass, lunge, and perch, the last two most engage attention during the camping season. Pickerel were formerly very abundant; and are still caught in diminished numbers in Fitch Bay and elsewhere by those who know how. Bass have only recently been put into the lake, but are gaining in numbers every year. The perch were introduced about a dozen years ago, and have multiplied with remarkable rapidity. The native dwellers on the lake are inclined to regard the stocking of its waters with perch as an unmixed evil. It is a popular impression that the perch eat the young of the lunge, and thus contribute to decimate the nobler fish. The "lunge," as it is popularly called, is a true species of lake trout (*Salmo conifinis*). It is found in four marked varieties, known to the fishermen as the black, the silver, the gray, and the copper lunge. In Memphremagog they range in weight from one to twenty pounds, though there is a well-

attested instance of a forty pounder among the salted-down traditions of the lake. The name "lunge" is probably a corruption of masqu'allonge (often spelled muskallonge and muscalonge, and converted by fishermen into maskinonge), founded possibly on a supposed relationship of this fish with the lake trout. But the families are entirely different. The muscalonge is not found in Memphremagog. The name "lunge," however, has become so securely fastened to the Memphremagog lake trout that it is of no use to try to remove it. We humbly bow to the necessity, and respecting the custom of the lake will use the common term instead of the scientific one.

For perch fishing Mr. Shayback confesses that he has no enthusiasm. The operation of dismembering a grasshopper or transfixing a wriggling worm is not poetic or agreeable. Perch seldom tempt the rod of the natives; but when one of the editors of a prominent Boston daily and his wife go to Memphremagog for a two weeks' vacation the perch always hear of their arrival. A thousand fish

caught in two weeks with the assistance of another companion is a well verified achievement. Skinned and dressed the perch makes a good pan-fish; boiled and boned it furnishes a delightful chowder. The exigencies of the camp larder sometimes require a draft of these fish. In such cases the children are only too glad to organize an expedition for their capture. They simply need to row under the shadow of the great cliff to find one of the best fishing-places on the lake.

For Mr. Shayback, however, the excitement of catching them is too transient. No sooner is a sudden twinge on the line felt than the voracious perch is whipped into the boat. The hook is rebaited and dropped as a new lure. There is no running of the line, no conflict of the emotions, no vibrations between hope and doubt, culminating in sad disappointment or triumphant exultation. It is merely a series of *staccato* beats on nerve sensation.

As for the lunge, they were acknowledged to be scarce in the month of August, and Mr.

Shayback for a long time regarded them as the prize only of the professional fisherman. The method they adopted had few attractions for him. To catch your lunge it was necessary first to catch your minnows. At various places on the lake where experience dictated the fishermen had fixed buoys by tying bark rope to logs or boards, and anchoring them with heavy stones. Fastening his boat to one of these buoys the fisherman placed a minnow on his hook and dropped about eighty feet of line. There were days in the early history of lunge fishing when this method was promptly rewarded. The fish were plentiful and they bit well. But such mordant experiences when we came to Memphremagog were only a matter of tradition. It was not uncommon for the fisherman to sit all day in his boat without getting a bite. Visions still pass before my eyes of old Colonel Burbank, with his invariable nightcap on, sitting in the stern of his anchored skiff, holding his line with an infinite patience from morn till sundown.

In the summer of 1882 a more tempting contrast was furnished to this picture. It was noticed that a certain fisherman seemed to be blessed with unusual success. Day after day he returned to Georgeville with from ten to forty pounds of the coveted fish. Every morning as the Lady landed at the wharf he met her with a string of lunge which excited the envy of all beholders. Some of them weighed from fifteen to twenty pounds. The old fishermen, on the other hand, returned with empty boats. The phenomenon was a mystery to them. The use of the seine at that season of the year is prohibited; but one of the disappointed fishermen expressed to Mr. Shayback his confident suspicion that Frank Merriman used a "*leetle* net." The speaker meant to have it known that *he* at least could not be caught napping. There was a double charge of sarcasm packed into the word "*leetle*." It assumed that anybody could do as well as Frank if he used such disreputable means. Meanwhile Merriman leisurely puffed his pipe, sold his fish at twenty cents a pound,

and kept his own counsel. It was not an uncommon thing for the successful fisherman to run into the cove near Bedroom Point at noon, draw his boat into the shade, eat his lunch, get a drink from the spring, and take a nap.

“Pretty, ain’t they?” he said one day, as he held up a pair of ten-pounders which would bring four dollars and forty cents the next morning at the Lady. Mr. Shayback was forced to confess that such fish were worth catching.

Mr. Merriman took out a match and lighted his pipe. His voice assumed a confidential tone; his face was beaming with generosity.

“Mr. Shayback,” he said, “you can catch these fish just as well as I can, and if you have a few minutes to spare I will show you how.”

Mr. Shayback was self-distrustful, but curious to see the new wrinkle. The fisherman sat down on a stone and his disciple sat down beside him with expectant docility. He

took from his boat a long reel of line with a shiny spoon and a heavy egg-shaped weight dangling at the end.

“There is my rig.”

“Is that all?” asked Mr. Shayback.

“That is all.”

Later experience taught Mr. Shayback that it was one thing to have a rig, and another thing to know how to use it. Opening a little box filled with swivels, rings, hooks, pack-thread, needles, and beeswax, Mr. Merriman initiated his pupil into the method of constructing a rig for himself. With still greater generosity he informed Mr. Shayback that he was going to Waterloo for a few days and tendered him the use of his own line. When Mr. Shayback remembers the destructive work which the uninitiated often make with such appliances, the generosity of Mr. Merriman looms up into the grandeur of Owl's Head. Five minutes after Mr. Shayback cast that borrowed line he had hooked it on one of the worst ledges in the lake. It was only by patience and good fortune that

he got it off again, and fifteen minutes afterwards he landed a seven-pound lunge in his boat. He did not catch another for a week, but that seven-pounder was enough to fire his enthusiasm with an inextinguishable ardor. He had caught a fish; but he had also become himself firmly hooked to this new and alluring pastime.

A German from Montreal is credited with first introducing this innovation. Mr. Meriman, who is an ingenious mechanic, then took it up and substantially improved the rig. Gradually the old fishermen were obliged to adopt the improved method.

“I have fished in this lake for forty years,” said old Diman, as he reluctantly surrendered the buoy for the trolling line, “and it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.”

Surface trolling has of course been practiced upon the lake for many years, not only for pickerel but for lunge. It was confined, however, to the spring of the year or to early summer, when the fish are near the surface. Through July and August, when they seek

deeper water, the trolling line was put by. Now that we know what can be accomplished by it, it seems singular that no one ever adopted before the simple device of adding a sinker to the spoon and sending down the shining allurements to wreak its deception at the bottom. This simple device, however, involves a wholly new method of fishing. It requires not merely the addition of a weight, but the addition of that experience which develops skill and knowledge. The conditions for successful trolling on the surface and for successful trolling on the bottom are essentially different.

Mr. Shayback found himself at the beginning of an epoch in the history of fishing on the lake. He has the honor of being the first amateur to adopt the new method, and has succeeded in disproving the assertion which often went uncontradicted, that "no amateur can catch a lunge." In the last three years he has acquired not a little experience and has profited by the experience of others. Much of it, however, is incommuni-

cable on paper. It is not precept upon precept, but line upon line that is needed.

By all means let the line be a good one. Mr. Shayback prefers a hard-braided number 2 line. It is not so liable to snarl; it is not elastic. Achilles declares that with such a line he could feel a bite three miles off. The Homeric heroes are given to hyperbole. If Achilles meant a ledge bite there is no doubt that he spoke the exact truth. No matter how long the line, if the fisher gets it hooked on a ledge at one end he will eventually feel it at the other. The line should be about three hundred feet in length. It is a good plan to have it divided into sections of one hundred and fifty feet each. A loop is made at each end of the severed parts, and one of them is made long enough for the reel containing the other half of the line to be passed through it. In this way the additional length can be securely united in a moment when the depth of the water requires it.

The spoon is one of the most important features in the outfit. Upon its perfect

adaptation to its work the success of the whole venture may depend. The Memphremagog fishermen have an aversion to patent spoons for deep trolling. Mr. Shayback has given them only a limited trial, but without encouraging results. The most successful fishermen on the lake buy at Newport an ordinary silver-plated table spoon. With a chisel they cut off the handle close to the bowl, filing the bowl smoothly at the severed part until all trace of the handle has disappeared. A hole is bored in each end of the bowl near the edge, care being taken that the holes shall be in line, as the position of the holes has an important influence upon the revolution of the spoon. Some fishermen bend up the back of the spoon to furnish a little more resistance to the water. Sometimes one gets a spoon that revolves like an egg; but a slight deviation in boring the holes will cause it to make a wider circle through the water. The hook should be a three-barbed grapnel of medium size.

For the benefit of amateurs who may wish

to prepare a similar line and try the experiment, I will describe in detail the construction of a rig. The hook should be hung from the large end of the spoon by the intervention of an ordinary steel ring. Another ring is placed in the small end, and to this is joined a good swivel, allowing the spoon to revolve freely. Two or three feet of gimp are fastened to the swivel and the main line is joined to the gimp by another swivel. It is a good plan to fasten the gimp to the line by looped hitches, so that the spoon can be readily detached if necessary. Measure off twenty-one feet of line from the spoon and then attach another swivel. At this point the lead line is fastened. It should be five feet in length, and should hang perpendicularly from the main line by a swivel running on the line and also another swivel at the end where it joins the weight, thus allowing the lead to revolve without getting twisted in the line. The swivel joining the lead line to the main line may be fastened by a piece of copper wire to the swivel which connects

the main line with the back line. This will prevent the lead line from sliding along too far on the main line, or the same purpose may be served by "ganging," or winding, the main line so heavily with thread that the eye of the swivel will not slip over it. The most approved weight is made by blowing out the contents of a large egg and using the shell in the sand as a mould. A piece of heavy wire may be moulded into the lead and formed into a staple as a point of attachment for the ring. The lead should weigh a pound.

As to the *modus operandi*, the fisherman who rows alone, after a sufficient length of line is paid out, according to the nature of the ground, fastens his reel in the boat and winds the line around his hand so as to bring the bearing upon the first finger. In throwing out the spoon be careful that the grapnel does not catch on the line. Take heed also in dropping the lead that it does not twist on the main line. The line should be paid out until the lead touches the bottom. The boat

should be gently rowed, just enough to let the lead bob along on the bottom, while the spoon is kept revolving in the water behind. If there is no wind to row against, a gentle movement of the oars will suffice. The motion of the boat should not be arrested long without drawing in the line; if it is the spoon may be trusted to catch on the bottom.

With the line wound around the hand the fisherman will find no trouble in managing his oars. Indeed there is a great advantage in being able to regulate the motion of the boat by the intelligence which the oarsman gets from below. He soon becomes so accustomed to the thud of the lead on the bottom that he feels it every time he bends forward to take a new dip with his oars. When he moves off into deeper water and fails to get the answering thud, he gradually lengthens his line until he feels it again. Sometimes in crossing a bar or ledge, the sinker bobs along from rock to rock. The motion produced is a very deceptive one. The amateur is certain

that he has a fish, and is perhaps only undeceived when he brings his empty spoon to the top of the water.

The necessity of trolling near the bottom renders it important that the fisherman should know the ground on which he fishes. He soon learns, and sometimes by bitter experience, the trend of the most dangerous ledges, the location of bars, and the outline of the channel. The constant use of the lead makes him almost as familiar with the topography of the bottom as he is with the top. The trees and landmarks on the shore serve to fix his course. If he fishes on the soft bottom he may bob along without much inconvenience, but sooner or later every fisherman finds himself suddenly brought to a stand-still by a strong and steady tension on his line. The practiced troller soon learns the difference between a real bite and a "ledge bite." When he finds himself fast he immediately backs water. If the line is obstinate, he runs in the opposite direction to draw the hook out of its catch. Sometimes it is the weight that

is caught between the crevices of the rocks. Usually a few minutes will suffice to free it. But such hitches occasion no little annoyance and delay. Mr. Shayback fished for three years without losing a spoon, his account being squared by the loss of a couple of leads. But sometimes even the most experienced fisherman, going out with a good rig, may come back minus spoon, lead, and most of his line. If he is so unfortunate as to get fastened to a ledge when the wind is high, he finds it hard work to get loose again. In such cases he may buoy his line and leave it until calm weather.

Two summers ago, Mr. Shayback was fishing off Georgeville in about seventy feet of water, when he suddenly felt the tension which telegraphs a hitch. He at once backed his boat, paid out his line again, and then hauled in without success. He worked to the north, the east, the south, and the west. Half an hour of patient but unavailing effort at every point of the compass failed to release the obstinate hook. Finally he concluded

that he must snap his line and leave it there. He determined to secure as much of it as possible, and pulled his boat directly over the obstruction. Drawing heavily on the line, he expected it to snap. He slowly pulled in a foot or two. The line seemed elastic; it gave with each added strain. He pulled in a yard, then a fathom, and still it came. It was a pleasing exercise of the imagination to conjecture the nature of the haul. If not a fish, it was a disappointment of an unusually heavy order. What could it be? A little twig eventually appeared above the water. It was followed by a bough, then by a long and heavier limb, until finally the trunk of a good-sized tree emerged from the water, and was drawn across the top of the boat. It measured fully twenty feet in length, and being water-logged was a tolerably heavy load for a man to carry. It seemed hardly possible that a tree of this size and weight could have been brought from the bottom by so small a hook. Undoubtedly if Mr. Shayback had endeavored to raise it at first his

line would have broken. But having worked his boat in every direction before taking the direct strain, the tree was dislodged from its sandy bed.

The irony of trolling is occasionally illustrated in the way I have described. To bring up a twenty-foot tree from the bottom is a poor return for a whole day's work, especially when the tree is so water-logged that you cannot use it to cook the fish with which you revenge yourself the next day. The vexation of bringing up a tree or stone, however, is small compared with that of leaving your spoon and hook at the bottom.

I have indicated the main conditions of success in deep trolling. But in this branch of fishing, as in all others, "fisherman's luck" plays its mysterious part. Nevertheless there is a growing tendency among fishermen on the lake to depend more on "science," and less on superstition. The most successful fishermen are those who pay most attention to their "rig;" who keep their spoon shining, and who are fastidiously par-

ticular in regard to its whirl; who, literally speaking, have got to the bottom of the thing, and know the topography of the lake bed with that minuteness which can be acquired only through a careful study of the revelations of the spoon and sinker. During the four years in which deep trolling has been followed on Memphremagog, the number of fish caught by this method has greatly increased. This, I think, is not to be attributed to an increase of the fish so much as to the fact that the fishermen are gradually getting the knack of it. The number of lunge in the lake is small compared with the number twenty years ago. The spear and the seine have wrought fearful decimations. The summer catch under the old method of angling has been getting smaller and smaller. The relative scarcity of fish compared with the old-fashioned reign of plenty may be seen from the fact that lunge brings fifteen cents a pound right on the ground where it is caught at Georgeville, and that eighteen and twenty cents have been paid at the southern end of the lake.

Success in trolling is very variable. Mr. Achilles has caught in one day fifty-three pounds, one of the fish weighing sixteen and a half pounds. On another day he caught seventy-seven and a quarter pounds and sold the lot at fifteen cents a pound. The weather at this time was tolerably cool and the fish seemed to rise in schools on the shoals. This is the largest catch ever made in a single day by deep trolling. For three or four days succeeding the weather was extremely warm and hardly a fish was to be caught on these grounds. The possibilities of the single deep trolling line may be well illustrated by the work of Paul Young, a fisherman who devoted himself to the business from the first of June until the season closed, October 15. His total catch during this time was 1776 pounds. The largest fish caught during the season weighed nineteen pounds.

The tyro, even when he is provided with a good rig, incurs the possibility of failure from not knowing the ground over which he trolls. But still another source of failure to

which even the best fishermen are exposed arises from the occasional difficulty of landing the fish. It is not necessary to let the lunge "run," as with bass or salmon. When the telegraphic jerk is fairly felt, the fisher may begin to haul in. If the hook is caught in the lower jaw, he will generally bring him without trouble. It is frequently as easy to land a six or seven pound lunge as to land a perch. But sometimes it requires all the skill of the practiced troller to get his fish on board. The amateur, in the excitement of his first haul, must be cool indeed if he does not pull his fish into the boat without the formality of the gaff. He may succeed several times in this way, but when he hooks lightly on a ten or twelve pounder, and loses it just at the side of the boat, he will be apt to seek in future a little instruction in the theory and practice of the gaff. The gaff should be about three feet in length, with the hook turned a little outward, and made as sharp as a file can make it. Let it be placed near the stern of the boat, ready for use. When the fisher-

man in hauling the line reaches the sinker there is still twenty-one feet of line behind it upon which the fish is playing. He should take the gaff in his right hand and hold it there as he draws the line, hand over hand, into the boat. As soon as the fish is in reach of the gaff, and before it breaks water, he should strike beneath it, being careful to keep the line taut lest the hook should loosen in its mouth. In his excitement he must be particularly careful not to strike the fish off the hook, by smiting him with the side of his gaff. A good fisherman on the lake made it a point at first to gaff his fish in the head, but having struck one in such a way as to cut off the spoon and allow the fish to escape with it in his mouth, he changed his tactics and gaffs him if possible in the back. But the amateur will not find it easy to be particular as to how and where he applies that instrument. He will consider himself fortunate if he is able to land his fish at all through its agency. Now and then he will hook a lively trout that will rise suddenly to the top of the

water, and whirl and flap and dart, so that it will be a piece of sheer good luck if he succeeds in gaffing him at all. Misery loves company, and while Mr. Shayback failed to express sympathy at the time, it has only added to the growing feeling of self-complacency when he has seen the most skillful fisherman on the lake sometimes draw up one of these whirligigs to the side of his boat, put out the gaff to land him, and find that he had gone.

I cannot do justice, in a single paragraph, to the attitude of mind which such an experience occasions. There is science in catching a fish; philosophy comes in when you lose him and to the consolations of philosophy the fisherman must betake himself. No man can be a fisherman a great while without acquiring some philosophy of his own. It may not be so profound as Kant's or so mystical as Hegel's, but it is a philosophy which condones his mistakes and yields a soothing balm for his misfortunes. The fisherman needs to invoke it when he finds, as the Apostles did,

that he has toiled all the day and caught nothing. But still more does he need it when he finds that somebody else who has not toiled half as much has gained all that he has lost. He has risen at daylight and rowed out to the grounds and pulled steadily over the course until breakfast. He has worked all the forenoon until dinner time, and taking but a frugal lunch has plied his oars until sundown, and not a bite. And yet the man who is rowing alongside of him has taken in thirty pounds. Or some other fisherman who has spent the whole day lazily ashore rows out an hour before sunset, drops his hook on the same ground, and fifteen minutes after he has cast his line hauls in a ten-pounder. Under such circumstances there is no better philosophy, I imagine, than that of Paul Young, who once said to Mr. Shayback, "Well, I believe that no man catches another man's fish." This is an admirable way of looking at it. It is a useful application of the Calvinistic doctrine of election to deep trolling. But the fisherman himself must illustrate the doctrine

of the perseverance of the saints, or he will not make his calling and election sure. No man can make a good record at "lunging" who does not hold out faithfully to the end.

A chapter, yes, whole volumes might be written on the mystery and fickleness of fortune exhibited in "fisherman's luck." Three of the best fishermen on the lake, Moses, John, and Paul, are working side by side off the Merriman shoals. They have all received that preparation for success in life indicated in a good name, though I doubt if any of them would honestly say that a Scriptural name is necessarily better than great riches. Their rigs and spoons are as nearly alike as they can be made; the chances for success seem to be equal. Yet while Moses keeps hauling them in, John and Paul scarcely get a bite.

"This is a victory for the old dispensation," said Mr. Shayback, as Moses landed another eight-pounder. But on some subsequent day the new dispensation has its turn, and Paul or John can show a good string,

while Moses is saying, "I know : something's the matter with my spoon."

But in the long run the doctrine of sowing and reaping applies here as it does elsewhere. It is the hard-working, industrious, vigilant fisherman, who brings intelligence as well as perseverance to his art, that has, on the whole, the best luck. If fish cannot be had in one place, they may be had in another. The troller must go where he can find them. His spoon must be kept faultlessly bright, his hooks sharp, and his line ready.

At Memphremagog, as everywhere else, there are no fish caught so large as those which the fisherman loses. It is wonderful how much more a trout weighs when he drops off the troller's hook than if he had been landed in the boat. Fish never grow so fast in the water as they do in the imagination. This faculty does not embalm departed fish, over which the fisherman has shed many salt tears of regret, until it has first sufficiently magnified them. Even then their capacity for growth does not cease. Old John, I fear,

always thinks that the memory of such a fish is best preserved when steeped in alcohol, after the manner of the museums, and he is quite willing to act as the barrel. The fish has played an important part in mythology, and its career in this field is not yet closed. There is as much piscatorial mythology manufactured to-day as there ever was, and perhaps not more on Memphremagog than in other waters.

I have discovered that the forty-pound lunge which my friend Lucius Merriman captured some fifteen years ago has a tendency to grow a pound heavier every year, when it hangs again upon the tongue of some proud guardian of its traditions. Such exaggeration may sometimes be checked by the contradiction of a more exact witness, who saw it and knew all about it. But the man who has failed to land his fish cannot be gainsaid. He may add a pound every year to its weight, or a foot to its length, and no one can contradict him. If he has actually seen the fish in the water before it spurned his gaff, then he can offer the testimony of his eyes; if he has

failed to see it before it broke loose from his hook he can offer the more glowing testimony of his imagination. If one wants to hear Spartan Joe Hughes warm up into dramatic eloquence, let him be asked to tell the story of the great fish which old John Hotham failed to land, and which as he jumped from the water seemed as large as a full-grown man. There is not a fisherman on the lake who has not a stock of traditions of his own of mythical proportion and variety. After one has heard them, he can sit down and read the story of Jonah and feel that the tension on his credulity has been greatly relaxed.

There are no stories which the Memphremagog fisherman tells with a keener interest, or with greater accuracy, than those which relate to lunge spearing. In the old times before the law forbade the use of the spear, there was an overwhelming massacre of fish every fall, the evils of which have been felt in the subsequent scarcity. In the latter part of October and the early part of November, the lunge come up in immense numbers to

spawn. They appear in great schools packed closely together, and lie nestled around the rocks, or swim so far up on the beach that their backs are half out of water, and one could easily haul them ashore with a gaff, without wetting his feet. In the old times a favorite spearing place was on the Merriman shoals. Here it was not an unusual thing for two or three men to spear and cart away an ox-load of lunge in a night. The Dominion laws now protect them during the breeding season, and watchers are engaged by the government from October 15 to November 15 to see that the laws are stringently executed. But when the lunge may be so easily and so abundantly taken, it would be strange if the law were not fractured very frequently. A common ruse is to light a fire at night, at some point on the opposite shore. The fish officers immediately man their boat and cross to capture the violators. While they are following this decoy, the real law-breakers are at work with a jack-light at some point on the shore from which the officers have started.

Nearly every season Mr. Shayback has to act as father confessor to some of the natives who are only too fond of retailing their exploits of the previous season. The fishermen generally see the wisdom and justice of this law, and the government tries to insure their co-operation by placing them under oath and paying them a fair sum to act as watchers. There is the same zest for adventure in breaking the game laws, however, as in smuggling. And I have heard of good pillars in the church, who would not think of telling a lie or taking a cent that did not belong to them, who felt that they had a right to beat the fish officers, and get their share of lunge. The uncertain catch of the troller seems meagre indeed, when compared with the harvest of the spear. One night two years ago, three fishermen surreptitiously left Georgeville during the close season, to try their luck in Bullock's Bay, and then across the lake. They were all skillful oarsmen and managed to elude the vigilance of the fish officers. In the course of two or three hours, they took

five hundred pounds, all large fish. They did not dare to land their catch at Georgeville, as their boat and every pound of fish would have been confiscated, in addition to the fine imposed. Concealing it for the night on Lord's Island, they rowed it the next day to Newport, where they sold the fish for seventy-five dollars.

As Mr. Shayback has never yet spent any time at Memphremagog when fishing was not perfectly lawful, he has been saved all temptation to engage in this ruthless slaughter. So far as the spoon and the sinker are concerned, it may be said that the fisherman has to pay in good hard work for all his gains by this method. The best time for deep trolling is in the latter part of September or the first part of October, when the fish come up on the shoals. In August they seek the cooler depths.

The introduction of deep trolling has taught the fishermen not to be tied down to old methods, and there are some who think that better results than those furnished by the

spoon may be attained by the use of a phantom minnow, or, according to others, by a live minnow or a smelt fastened on a spinnet in place of the spoon. But this yet remains to be demonstrated, and I must confess that I should have less inclination for fishing, if, instead of the bright and innocent spoon, a live fish must be used as a lure on the end of the line.

To Mr. Shayback, not the least advantage of this summer occupation during the vacation is that he has an opportunity to identify his sympathies and interests with these hard-working fishermen ; to rise with them at daylight ; to labor through storm and heat ; to share the vicissitudes of their fortunes ; to enjoy the rewards which come from patience and industry ; and to bear with philosophic calm the loss and pain of irretrievable defeat.

CHAPTER XII.

SPOON AND SINKER. — THE POETRY OF IT.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in his "Sketch Book," has given a description of his first attempt at angling. He confesses that it was inspired by the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton. "I recollect studying his 'Complete Angler,' several years since, in company with a knot of friends in America, and, moreover, that we were all completely bitten by the angling mania." "Our first essay was along a mountain brook among the Highlands of the Hudson, — a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets." The ill-success of the expedition is described with a truthfulness not supposed to be characteristic of unlucky fishermen: —

For my own part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I had completely satisfied the sentiment and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that "angling is something like poetry, — a man must be born to it." I hooked myself instead of the fish, tangled my line in every tree, lost my bait, broke my rod, until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak, satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling. . . . And, above all, I recollect the good, honest, wholesome, hungry repast which we made under a beech-tree just by a spring of pure, sweet water that stole out of the side of a hill ; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the milkmaid, while I lay on the grass and built castles in the bright dome of clouds, until I fell asleep.

Tested by the standard of the market or the larder, or what we may call the prose side of fishing, Irving's expedition was a failure. But no sympathetic reader can fail to

see that, from the poetic side, it was an undoubted success. It was the poetry of the pastime that had allured him. The professional fisherman may smile at this weak form of compensation, but the amateur is often obliged to count his gains in this way. In more cases than we are wont to suppose there exists also in the professional fisherman an inborn love for nature, which he could only rudely express, but which furnishes an undertone of satisfaction in his work. Every form of out-door recreation shares more or less in this companionship with nature, but it is the peculiar merit of fishing that it furnishes time for its contemplation. It is not hilarious, like hunting, skating, or canoeing, but calm and conducive to reflection. If it misses much which is furnished by saddle or paddle, it also opens another avenue to nature which is closed to them.

But fishing itself is of many kinds, and differs much in the emotions it creates. There is a vast difference, on the one hand, between fishing in a yacht, with a stiff breeze

and a lively school of bluefish behind, and sitting patiently under the cool shade of forest trees on the shores of a lovely inland brook, waiting for a trout to rise. The first partakes of the exhilaration of the hunt, albeit the fisherman does not pursue, but is himself pursued. The second is a dreamy, patient, hopeful form of inertia, which has its own inherent satisfaction. But the troller for lake trout has a province of his own, which furnishes a happy medium between the exuberant excitement of the first and the patient inertia of the second.

The routine of our camp has never been so established as to make early rising a necessity. To do this would be to remove it from the catalogue of virtues. Whenever, therefore, we rise at half-past four in the morning, slip from the camp unobserved, and quietly push off a boat into the calm, clear water, it is not without a certain sense of superiority. Egotism is said to be almost inevitably an accompaniment of early rising. But the charm of self-contemplation is soon lost in the en-

joyment of material beauties which do not need to be suffused with the heightened color of our pride. Homer, with archaic simplicity, makes nearly all his days begin with the sunrise, as though a day could not begin properly at any other time. He paints them with a single stroke of his pen, as if they were familiar to his readers. The modern day for the city dweller does not, in this late-rising zone, begin with the sunrise, except in the dead of winter. For the rest of the year, the sun has a few hours' start of him. He misses Homer's rosy-fingered morn.

The sunrise is the oldest and yet the newest event in the world. It should be in itself a process of mental and spiritual regeneration to witness the birth of a new day. No one has really seen a sunrise unless he has been kindled by it. It is an old, old story of the world, but one repeated with ever-varying eloquence. Nature never tires of revealing her life and what seems to be her joy, — a symphony of color in the sky, an answering orchestra in the forests, a fugue of bird notes,

a new freshness in the rustle of the trees, a new song to the brook. Do the winds themselves get drowsy? Or what subtle and mysterious anodyne is it that lulls the lake to sleep at night? There are times of frightful stormy revel, when the night winds roar through the forest and tear the lake into foam. But these are exceptional. In general, the winds seem to retire to their fabled caves at sundown, and the lake lies sleeping on its bed as calmly and sweetly as the camp baby in its hammock. As we move from the wharf in our skiff and gently dip the water with the oar, it seems as if the whole lake felt the tremor of the boat. Has the morning light unloosed the leash of the breeze? Ripple after ripple wrinkles the surface: the air is all astir with new life, and we breathe its quickening freshness.

To the poetry of color and the poetry of sound, we add the poetry of motion. We are moving softly and gently over the surface. This is the charm of trolling. To Mr. Shayback there is no poetry in the motion of a

boat at anchor, especially when wind and waves are high. It is not, then, the solar light that impresses him, but the solar plexus. Such motion is apt to develop anything but poetic feelings. But there is an indefinable charm in the straightforward, gently moving boat. Each dip of the ash blade cuts a silver scroll, and miniature whirlpools spin in its cool path. The water drops in a gentle shower from the oar. The lake itself never becomes monotonous. It toys with our feelings as if it were a practiced coquette. We never can tell one hour what aspect it will present in the next. Sometimes, it is a mirror in which the clouds may make their toilet. It is delightful then to dip the oar into the molten glass, and leave a long retinue of airy-domed bubbles in the wake. Again, the lake is a wrinkled sheet, ruffled by coy breezes. The same gentle gale that fans the water fans the oarsman, and gives a new impulse to his blade. Or, later, the wrinkled sheet becomes a wild, tempestuous sea, rolling with billows, crested with foam. The fisherman can then

no longer lightly pull with his arms, but must throw all the strength of leg and back into the effort.

If his line is out, the troller may not go too near the shore; and yet the shore never loses its interest for his eye. It furnishes him with landmarks by which he determines his position. He has learned to mark the bottom by the contour and piquancies of the shore. Away on a lofty hill is a solitary tree. It stands like a sentinel on that eminence. The fisherman has discovered that there is a very definite relation between that hill on shore and another hill which lies buried in the water beneath him. He knows the angle which the bow of his boat should bear toward that friendly tree, to pass in safety the obstruction beneath. The whole shore is his chart. He has learned to read it. Yet it is always poetic in its utility. The sky line of the hills dips and rises as we move slowly along beyond reach of its shadow. There is no monotony in the foliage. It is a luxurious interblending of maple and hemlock, spruce,

cedar, and birch. We not only recognize the trees in families: we have come to individualize them. We feel a sense of personal relationship toward many of them. Even the distant ones are not remote from our companionship. There is a tree fully five miles away, seeming like a little bush against the sky; yet we know that, when the stern of our boat is in line with that tree, we shall not be suddenly called to account by the grapnel at the bottom for swerving from the right path. • The isolated trees on the distant hills assume animated shapes under the wand of imagination. A group of three, representing a man and woman accompanied by a dog, is so persistent in its suggestions that it seems almost real. The smoke rising from a farmhouse up on the hill gives a human interest to the scene. The tall poles fixed at regular intervals mark the line of the road which runs along the hill-top away on the east shore. The telephone has pierced Canadian forests. While we are gently rowing, the human voice — with the swiftness of thought

— is speeding its messages, bounding over hill and valley, gorge and stream, but never losing its way. And yet it is not the human voice at all, but a form of motion which we can name, but not explain.

But there is a third element in the scenery, and this the most poetic of all, — the scenery of the sky. The imagination cannot range far on the shore, for the world of fact constantly challenges its purported fictions. It may dive deep into the lake, and picture whole schools of large and luscious trout eager to catch the whirling spoon. But we have too much experience to be deceived by such phantasms. When it mounts to the sky, however, it may range with unchecked exuberance. The ever-shifting clouds furnish endless material for its creations. It peoples the heavens once more with enormous giants, and lets loose whole menageries of living creatures, — elephants whiter than the Rose of India and larger than the mourned-for Jumbo, lions of indescribable vigor, polar bears, tigers, camels. We pause to give a

few moments to the prosaic task of examining our line, when, presto ! the whole scene has changed. The menageries have consolidated, as menageries are apt to do, and have finally been swept out of existence. We witness a magnificent example of cloud-building. There are castles in the air with lofty towers and impregnable ramparts. The castles melt into a man-of-war, which floats on the air current, until it settles on Owl's Head, as the ark rested on Ararat, but only to be wrecked and dissipated into a lovely veil, which shrouds the mountain peak in its delicate folds. Sometimes, the blue canvas is entirely clear, not a speck of white cloud on its surface. Sometimes, a few wreaths of mist float over us like white gulls. The next day there are vast argosies of cloud. Great brigades of mist wheel into battle-line, and move across the sky with unbroken front. There is the low rumble of artillery. We put on our waterproofs, but we do not think of going ashore. Blacker and blacker grow the cloud masses. The lightning gleams in the sky,

and the rain begins to fall on the surface of the lake. First a ring here, then a ring there, then a score of them, then myriads. Every drop that falls upon the water has its rebound. It not only rains down, but it rains up. Millions on millions of silver pellets leap from the surface of the water, and then sink again into the circle they have made. The lake seems to be covered with a heavy frost. In a few minutes, the rain has spent its force and ceases almost as suddenly as it began, only, perhaps, to be renewed a few minutes later. It is a storm, however, with no fierceness. The clouds have simply come down to take a bath; and the dark, heavy masses show us that the bath is not yet completed. Yet, in the south, Owl's Head stands out clear cut from base to peak, though heavily shaded by the black clouds that cut off the light of the sun in the west. A little streamer of mist floats idly above the mountain peak, and to the left a long cloud ribbon seems to be preparing to encircle its head. To the north, a pale, almost supernatural light trans-

figures the fleecy masses of white. Once more, the raindrops patter on the lake ; but it is a light and gentle shower. We watch with eagerness to see what is to be the resolution of the picture. There are clouds of leaden hue, clouds of white, and others of inky blackness, and no sign of color on the canvas. Will the leaden hue spread over the sky ? For a few minutes, the intentions of the Artist are left in doubt. Then there is a rift in the dark mass. Veins of silver and gold convert it into precious ore. There is a silent yet concerted breaking up. A grand water-color exhibition it is, — dyes of lovely blue, a few floating clouds of saffron, streaks of claret red, and stretches of pale green, and bands of old gold, touched with delicate and indefinable pigments ! What a magnificent canvas, and how beautifully the colors are laid ! In the east, the reconciling rainbow stretches its broad chromatic arch with unbroken span. And, now, the sun is going down in the west with unspeakable splendor. The whole air is saturated with a soft crim-

son light, which bathes the hills and lake in its delicate glow. If this were to be the last day of the world, Nature could not have brought it to a finer close. Gradually, the crimson veil is lifted, the red and gold fade into purple.

We turn our boat to the shore, and bless the charm of the day, with its rhythm of wind and wave and its indescribable beauties of color. Eight hours have we spent on the lake, coming in only for breakfast and dinner. As we near the wharf, the children run down to the shore, and shout, "Did you get anything?" — as though this day of ours could be weighed in the scales and baked in a pan! What have we caught? A ledge or two, perhaps, a few twigs from the bottom; but something more. We have caught the charm of the sunrise, and been kindled with its glow; we have caught the inspiration of the infinite blue above us, and reveled in the fantastic imagery of mist and cloud forms; we have rejoiced in the rich drapery of the forest and the fresh verdure of the field; we have

climbed the mountains at a glance, and wandered over the peaks of Orford and Elephantis ; we have seen the swift transitions of the lake moods, the placid mirror moulded into the billowy sea. The shower has caught us ; but we have also caught the shower, and seen its clouds dissolve into the lake cup. We shall sail on those clouds to-morrow, and drop our spoon and sinker in them. We have seen the lake rimed with a silver sheen and graven with circles like the tracery on a watch ; we have seen the glorified span of the rainbow and the poem of the sunset. Nature has opened her door to us, and shown us her treasures as a bride shows her trousseau. This is a catch which cannot be weighed or served up at a camp dinner, except in the form of grateful emotions. We have stored up muscle of body and beautiful pictures for the mind. By the reckoning of Washington market, we have lost a day. As we measure it ourselves, we have gained one, the value of which cannot be reckoned by the piece of coin which we failed to find in a fish's mouth.

Do not think, however, that solitude is the only condition in which this poetry of trolling can be enjoyed. On the contrary, a fresh poetic element is introduced when a lady sits in the stern of the boat, holds the line in her gloved hand, and, while practicing her artful allurements on the watery world beneath, lends the charm of her presence to the things which are above.

CHAPTER XIII.

TO BROME LAKE.

IT is a part of the yearly plan of the Shaybacks to make one or two trips from their permanent camp on Memphremagog into the interior. Across the lake from their camping-ground may be seen against the sky the wavy outline of the Bolton Mountains, broken sharply in one place by a V-shaped cleft. Several miles beyond this cleft lies Brome Lake, reputed to be rich in bass and pickerel, and withal one of the prettiest cups which the mountain holds in the hollow of its hand.

“To Brome Lake it is,” was the unanimous vote of all those in camp who are entitled to the exercise of suffrage, a privilege which is not limited by sex, color, or previous condition of servitude.

The expedition, as organized, consisted of

Calvin and his son Frank, Arline, Digit, Diodatus, and Mr. and Mrs. Shayback. Mrs. Ganzbach generously volunteered to remain in camp to take care of the children. The lunch-baskets were well packed. Waterproofs, fishing tackle, a hatchet, and a small supply of rope were a part of the excursion outfit. The trip from camp to Georgeville, a mile distant, was made in small boats under escort of the children. As no vehicle of sufficient size could be obtained on the opposite shore of the lake, Mr. Tuck's team, already familiar to the excursionists, had been engaged for the trip, and met the party at the wharf where the ferry-boat Memphremagog was lying, developing the energy necessary for the passage. The Memphremagog embodies none of the beauty of the lake after which it is named. It is built like a catamaran, with a single paddle-wheel, which is not placed behind like a Western river steamer, but just aft the centre of the boat. It is a double-decker, with room for several teams, provided the horses are unharnessed before embarkation. It

makes two trips across the lake daily, one at 8.30 A. M. and the other at 5 P. M. It spends the intervening time in such jobs as it may pick up. It is capable of running where there is a small degree of moisture ; but its feeble engine propels it with a series of painful, wheezing gasps, which excite the sympathy of the passenger. It can possibly make five miles an hour, under favorable circumstances ; but these circumstances did not exist on the day referred to. Its crew consists of captain, engineer, and a boy.

Team, baggage, and excursionists were duly embarked. By crowding and manœuvring room was also provided for four open buggies and horses. Thus laden the lines were cast off, and the ferry-boat, which resembles Noah's ark, slightly modernized, set out for the opposite shore. When about a quarter of a mile from the landing shouts were heard from the wharf, and a man with another horse and buggy was seen gesticulating violently. He had arrived just too late to take the boat ; and as the next trip would not be

made until five o'clock in the afternoon, the thought of waiting eight hours for a chance to cross had engendered active emotions. But it was impossible to enlarge the boat at such short notice, and the captain was saved the temptation of returning for an additional fare.

Opposite Georgeville on the west shore of the lake rises a lofty cliff known as Gibraltar. Here the first settlement on the lake is said to have been made. No trace of the original occupancy is visible; but in a little bay under the shadow of this cliff is a miniature wharf where passengers are landed for Peasley's Corner, a village consisting mainly of two churches, a store, and a blacksmith shop. The landing at this point was made without difficulty, and all the teams save one disembarked. But in attempting to move off, the hawser caught fast in a log and swung the boat around upon the beach.

"She's aground," said the captain, and rang the bell to back. But the engine was in a feebler condition than usual from a

cause subsequently revealed, and the boat would not budge. The captain rushed down from the pilot-house and jumped overboard. Arthur, the boy, who was on the wharf, joined the captain in the water, and the two applied their united strength against the side of the boat, while the engineer looked helplessly over the rail. Mr. Tuck and Mr. Shayback seized a pole and drove it into the sand. Arline seized another and did likewise. She had not served as deck-hand on a small steam yacht in vain. The combined force of heroic wills and persistent muscles was too much for the stubborn inertia of the *Memphremagog*. She swung slowly from the beach into deep water, and the captain, watching his opportunity, sprang aboard. But the faithful Arthur stayed a moment too long, and was soon up to his neck in water and the boat slowly leaving him. A rope was flung to him from the deck; and, Mr. Tuck, Mr. Shayback, and the captain taking hold, he was drawn up as though he had been a huge fish. His good-nature was water-proof, and he proceeded to

empty his boots and wring himself out as if this were a part of his daily experience.

The Shaybacks congratulated themselves on avoiding what might have been a vexatious delay. When it was discovered, however, that the boat had nearly another mile to run before reaching Knowlton's Landing, and that every stick of wood had been cast into the fire-box, the advantage of pushing off from the shore was questionable. The engine wheezed and gasped more than ever, the piston showed a feebler pulse, and the fuel was in the last stages of consumption. The resource of the captain did not desert him. He looked about for some object with which to replenish the slowly dying flame. There was nothing inflammable in the cargo. But the captain was not discomfited. With admirable decision he determined to set his boat afire for the purpose of keeping up steam. He seized an axe, tore off a plank, and the resolute Arthur cut it into lengths for the hungry furnace. It was a dangerous precedent to set, and one that needed to be

exercised within obvious limitations. The good judgment of the captain was evident throughout this transaction. Had he taken a plank from the bottom of the boat instead of somewhere on the top, our voyage would have been rapidly shortened, and the fires under the boiler would have been effectually quenched. Or had he set fire to the plank before separating it from the rest of the boat the danger from too much fire would have been greater than that which we suffered from having too little. There was only one way in which the captain could have showed better judgment than he did, and that was by taking a sufficient quantity of wood to start with.

Inspired by the ardor of this new plank the engine took a fresh start, and passengers and teams were soon landed safely on the shore. The conveyance hired by the Shaybacks was the open, three-seated stage used on the ten-mile route from Georgeville to Smith's Mills, and the horses may be properly described as old stagers. One of them

had long before received a "Doctor's" diploma from his owner, whether out of compliment to the medical or clerical profession I know not. But Mr. Shayback, who handled the ribbons, chose to regard him as a doctor of philosophy, because of the philosophical way in which he shirked his half of the load. The other horse, a little black, an active, ambitious creature, ought long since to have sued for a divorce from the "Doctor," and found a mate better fitted to her pace in life.

There could not be a greater contrast to a prairie ride than one over Canadian hills and through Canadian forests. Tough hills they were to climb and steep descents, when Mr. Shayback had to take a short hold on the reins and give a strong push on the brakes. Enormous masses of rock jutted out from the hill-tops or flanked the roadside, assuming fantastic shapes under a pliant imagination, the most familiar to Mr. Shayback being that of a fish's head, especially that of a lake trout. His devotion to this fish finds anal-

ogies in clouds and landscape, and realities in the depths and shallows of Memphremagog. The first part of our way lay through beautiful maple orchards. Indeed, the maple was never far from our path. The mountain sides were clothed in white birch and cedar, with alternations of ash, spruce, elm, beech, poplar, hemlock, and occasional pines. For a time our road skirted Sargent's Bay, an arm of Memphremagog. Then we were left alone with the forests and mountains. A vast blackberry patch, too far from a market to tempt the picker's cupidity, offered a challenge of fruit and brambles, which was promptly accepted by the party. Enough was gathered in a short time for a generous dessert to our lunch, which was reinforced by milk, maple sugar, and boiled potatoes obtained from a farmhouse.

In the ride of fourteen miles the only village we passed through was one of half a dozen houses, called Rexford's Corner. As we advanced the way grew more open, and the hot sun less agreeable than the shade we

had left behind. Early in the afternoon we reached our destination, the village of Knowlton at the head of Brome Lake. A brisk and enterprising village it is, with about eight hundred inhabitants, three churches, two hotels, seven stores, a pump factory, and a large tannery. An orphans' home is also situated here. We noticed several fine residences in the midst of luxuriant gardens. At the Lake View House excellent accommodation for man and beast was found at very reasonable rates. Just think of supper, lodging, and breakfast for seventy-five cents!

The lake is but a short walk from the hotel. It is about three miles by four in extent, — a beautiful sheet of water, with low banks and sedges, and a few hills in the distance. A wooded island near the centre of the lake is one of its pleasantest features. Neither in extent, variety, nor picturesqueness can it compare with Memphremagog. It lacks its rocky shores and its bulwark of mountains. By means of a branch road to Sutton Junction Brome Lake taps the rail-

road from Boston to Montreal, and is about sixty miles distant from the latter city. Sportsmen are lured from Montreal by the abundance of pickerel and black bass. A beautiful string of bass weighing twenty-nine pounds, and one of the fish weighing seven and three quarters, was taken the day of our stay. A man, we were told, — and we always were susceptible to fish stories, — could sometimes catch a barrel of pickerel in a day.

Two boats were hired, a voyage was made to the island, and a bath taken in the delightful waters of the lake. Arline and Mr. Shayback in one boat, and Calvin and the boys in another, essayed to catch a barrel of pickerel. Arline landed a beautiful two-pounder; but her success proved ruinous to the spoon, and the sun soon went down upon our humiliation and an empty barrel. In another venture in the early morn the spoon was lost altogether; but we believe that there is still a barrel of pickerel in Brome Lake waiting for our hooks.

Though spending a single night at Brome

Lake we could see easily how one could pass a delightful vacation on its shores, especially the lover of rod and gun.

Our journey home was made through the Bolton Notch. The day was tempered with a cool, refreshing breeze, and the road lay through grateful forest shades and between rocky cliffs. On the top of the mountain we paused awhile at Coon Pond, famous in this region for its trout. A scow was hired from two small boys, and an hour was spent on the pond or in its vicinity, Mrs. Shayback seeking to catch some of its beauty with her camera, and Arline seeking to catch some of its fish with her hook.

Mrs. Shayback's plates have long since been developed, but no amount of time will suffice to develop Arline's mythical fish. It was just at this point that Calvin and Digit determined to start on and hunt for blackberries, assuming that they would eventually be overtaken by the team. When the march was once more resumed, no answer was returned to signal shouts from Mr. Shayback. We

drove on until a high hill was reached and a small house was passed. No travelers had been seen that way. Mr. Shayback sounded war whoops until his throat was hoarse ; but Digit's well-known loon wail was not heard in reply. What had become of the wanderers ? Had they been eaten by bears ? Had they impaled themselves on a blackberry-bush or lost themselves in the woods ? A search expedition was organized. Diodatus started ahead on the trail, while Frank took the back track over the hill. In a few minutes a signal call from Dio announced that the wanderers had been found. They had not been hugged or eaten by bears. They had not been impaled on a blackberry-bush. They were sitting in the shade by the roadside, waiting for the team. The keen perception of our Roxbury scout had discovered the prints of an American foot on Canadian soil ; and, with much emotion, the relief expedition and the survivors were received into the bosom of the wagon.

The lovely features of this ride are photo-

graphed in the mind with a distinctness which Mrs. Shayback's camera could not surpass. Long to be remembered will be the picturesque halting-place through a narrow defile shaded by forest trees, where a beautiful brook ran over the mossy rocks on one side of the road, and a cold spring trickled into a natural cup in the rocks on the other side. Blackberries by the million offered themselves for the picking. The horses were unharnessed and drank eagerly from the rocky basin. Lunch was eaten by the brook side, and Mr. Shayback's cold brook-soaked oat-meal crackers were pronounced rarely delicious. Beautiful moss, delicate forget-me-nots, and wild clematis were floral trophies of the ride.

It was on this trip that Mr. Shayback earned as a driver the appellation of Hank Monk. Readers of Mark Twain's "Roughing It," or of Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi," will not forget the prominent part which this noted Jehu plays in Western mythology. The way in which he "put Horace Greeley *through*," when that soul of honesty

was on a lecturing tour, is a tradition as well established in the West as the story of the flood is in the East. When Mr. Greeley's head popped through the top of the coach, he told Hank that he need n't drive quite so fast; but Hank told him not to mind, he would put him *through*, and so he did. Mr. Shayback has earned the similar glory of "putting through" the passengers on the hind seat of the stage. Fortunately there was no top to the stage to impede their flight into the air when at the foot of a hill we flew over the holes and "thank yer ma'ams." But Mr. Shayback told them not to mind, he would "put them through," and so he did. The horses and the stage stood it beautifully; and when, finally, "Hank" Shayback turned them over to Harry, the teamster, when the journey was finished, "There is no man," said Harry, "I'd rather let drive my team than Mr. Shayback."

To Mr. Shayback this compliment was worth more than all the butter and honey which we bought at Farmer Tuck's on the way home.

CHAPTER XIV.

MASSAWIPPI.

THE very name has an enticing sound. In its soft, lispingsyllables, one can almost hear the waters of the beautiful lake, whose name it is, lapping the shores. We had long heard of Lake Massawippi. At last we determined to see it. Who "we" were does not matter an atom; but there were five of us, four women and one man, and a pair of horses.

It was a cool, brisk autumn morning, with the sun peering over billows of mist that skirted the mountains, when the big team that was to carry us the seventeen miles drove up. Wraps and shawls, and a very ancient buffalo robe, exceedingly bald in spots, were comfortable in the chilly air. Luncheon and hand-bags, camera and tripod, were handed in, and away we drove.

For miles the road led up and up, till at last a beautiful panorama of hill and dale, mountain and valley, lay spread out before us, with Lake Memphremagog sleeping peacefully in the midst. For this was a side-trip from the tented field on its tranquil shores.

Such views are exhilarating. They raise one's thoughts and aspirations ; and, in such lofty air, one thinks no longer of rocky roads or hard-sprunged wagons. Then came shady woods where the graceful maiden-hair fern grew in great bunches almost as the commonest ferns in Massachusetts grow. The sun rode high, and the lights and shadows of the forest primeval were bewitching. Now and then a wood bird or a squirrel darted about among the trees ; but, aside from this, no life save that of the growing vegetable world appeared. Once in a great while, a little opening in the wood, a rough clearing, and a rude log cabin broke the monotony ; and the little children, that invariably were playing outside, stared in surprise as we rattled past.

As dinner time approached, we drove up to

a cozy farmhouse for a pitcher of milk. The buzz of spinning-wheels was heard within. Hosanna, whose only acquaintance with that homely machine was as a modern parlor ornament, jumped out of the wagon, and went in to "see the wheel go round." Such interest on her part was as much a curiosity to the buxom spinner as was the spinning to the Yankee girl. No milk could we get, however.

The next farmhouse supplied us with a bottle of delicious milk, fresh tomatoes from the vine, new apples, and a plateful of hot potatoes in their jackets. We drove under the shade of some overhanging trees, and, with this addition to the luncheon we had brought, had a repast fit for a king.

At last, a turn in the road revealed to us the lake, lying like a letter S among the green hills. But our first point of interest was beyond the lake, a mile or more, a wild glen or gorge where the Burroughs River comes tumbling down in falls that shatter the water into froth and foam and crystal beads.

Tying our horses to a Virginia fence, which they took the liberty to tear down in our absence, we clambered down the glen side till we could look up at the beautiful cascade. Hemmed in by abrupt stone walls, and broken everywhere in its course by huge masses of fallen rock, it comes dancing down in frantic haste, as if to free itself in the troubled river below. It is a wild, picturesque place, almost unknown to modern travelers, yet well worth a visit. The camera was called into use to catch a part of its beauty ; but the play of light and shade, the richness of coloring in rock, tree, and sky, eluded us, as they always elude the best endeavors.

The quiet afternoon, with the sunset brightness on lake and shore, lured us back to the side of Massawippi. A boatman was found who proved to be a character. As he pulled steadily on with his sinewy arms, — by trade he was a blacksmith, — he kept time with his tongue, telling, in quaint, original English, tales of the neighborhood. Beneath us where we rowed, a fine new sleigh was lost through

the ice last winter. Yonder, a stranger fisherman was upset in his log boat, while trying to land a twenty-five-pound sturgeon. Beyond that point, the Burroughs River flowed into the lake, named from the famous counterfeiter and thief who milled "hard money" in a cave near the falls, and sold it afterward in Boston for ten cents a dollar. He had a charmed life. Twice condemned to death, he picked his prison locks, changed his name, became a minister, lived to old age, and died in his bed, a finale which our informant seemed to think a great piece of injustice. Into the next bay the waters of the Tomophobia flow. Calmed down from its boisterous course in Stanstead, it becomes placid and deep, and forms a home for untold schools of fish.

The lake itself is marvelous in this respect. Sturgeon, lake trout, salmon trout, masqu'alonge, bass, perch, shad, and chub abound; and, during certain seasons of the year, hundreds of pounds are caught.

Our boatman finally discovered that he had

lived ten years in the same town with one of his passengers, whereupon he grew garrulous and poured out reminiscence after reminiscence, accompanied by dry wit and shrewd remarks that kept his listeners more than a little amused.

At last the weary oars were laid down ; and we found our way back to the smartly painted hotel, where a stifled night, after the fresh air of tent dwellings, awaited us.

The next day dawned hot and sultry, and the fish refused, as on the preceding day, to bite ; and we determined to return early, taking the longer road by way of Magog, through woods where little brown bears have been seen this very summer. What an inducement that was ! How we longed to see one, though a fish gaff was our only weapon of defense !

It was a charming return drive, through almost wild country, with only now and then the tiny log-cabin, the little patch of oats or wheat, the great forests aglow here and there with maple-trees that looked like pillars of flame, the fern-decked highway, the alder

bushes half hid beneath the hoary glory of clematis, the carpet of bunch-berries, and the endless seas of purple and white asters.

Once we caught sight, through an open door, of a woman in a snowy apron "working over" butter, and for ten cents rescued a half-pound before its sweet taste was smothered in salt. Once we passed a farmhouse where fowls abounded, and drove on with a hatful of eggs. Again, we heard the humming of bees, and a box of delicious honey was added to our treasures. Next, we passed crab-apple-trees bending beneath their loads of crimson and yellow fruit; and, at a word, a beautiful branch was placed at our disposal.

And thus we journeyed on, enjoying the beauty and sharing the fruits of this interesting land. For the last ten miles the road runs on a high bluff that overlooks Memphremagog; and the views are simply superb. But, after all, there was nothing in our whole trip that looked to us so beautiful as the sunny bay around whose curve the camp tents were gleaming in the sun, and about whose open doors the little ones were playing.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR LOG-CABIN.

It was our trip to Massawippi that inspired it. Coming back from that beautiful lake, through long stretches of Canadian forest, during which Hosanna held the fish gaff in her hand prepared for a demonstration from any obtrusive bear, we noticed, in the intervals when our solicitude was slightly relaxed, the picturesque rough-and-readiness of Canadian log-cabins. Their architecture was distinguished by simplicity and strength. The cabins seemed to fit naturally into their surroundings. They would not have seemed ornamental on Commonwealth Avenue; but here, under the shade of the trees from which they were reared, their rugged squattiness blended easily with the architecture of the forest.

“How nice it would be,” it was said, “to have a log-cabin in camp!” The suggestion was ratified by all in the wagon; and, for a time, Hosanna forgot about the anticipated bear in contemplating the security of a house which bears could not invade.

The idea was planted in the camp brain, and from time to time tenderly watered; but it took two years for it to grow to fruition. For nine years the Shaybacks had dwelt beneath duck and drilling. The log-cabin was therefore looked upon as in no wise a necessity, but simply as a luxury. It was in cool weather that the tempting vision rose more frequently before our eyes with pictures of the broad open fireplace, the crackling flame, and the evening mirth within its walls, defying all adversity of storm and temperature. What more beautiful site for a cabin than that offered by their present camp! They would have to search far and wide for a better one. Farmer Bigelow cordially gave his consent; and, in a camp council held this summer, it was finally decided to build the cabin.

Achilles, the joiner, insisted that it would be much cheaper and better to build a frame shanty; but the Shaybacks retorted that a frame shanty is an abomination. A log-cabin they were bound to have. When Achilles found that Ephraim was joined to his idols, he determined to let him alone; but he pronounced no curse upon the enterprise, and was kind enough to suggest a native workman who was equal to the task.

By unanimous consent, the site chosen for the cabin was in the birch and cedar grove between our dining-room tent and the lake. By a little planning, we managed to save some of the best of the trees around the proposed cabin. In the heavy growth of woods which lies between the camp and the road, it matters little where one falls. But in the grove which skirts the lake shore, where the birches are planted in the rocks beneath, and the cedars join their shade and shelter, every tree is precious. The ruthless axe of the woodman must not venture here until a court has been held and judgment pronounced

against the life of any offending tree. The loss of even a few boughs might spoil the union of branch and leaf that frames the vista to the lake.

No surveyor was needed to stake off the ground, nor was any architect required. It is said that, when the present meeting-house of the First Parish, Dorchester, was undertaken in 1816, the builder took a shingle, and drew a plan resembling that of the Roxbury meeting-house, and that this was officially accepted. Of the truth of this tradition I know not. I can speak with more positiveness of the plan of the log-cabin, which was drawn out upon a small piece of board and submitted to Charlie King. The dimensions decided upon were twenty by fourteen feet on the inside. This required logs twenty-two by sixteen feet. The brush was soon cleared, and the axe was put to the root of a twin cedar, whose stump Mrs. Shayback immediately appropriated for a rustic seat. The pillars of our house were standing in a grove just beyond the beautiful park in which our

tents are set. There were great Doric cedars, Ionic hemlocks, and tall and elegant white birches, like plain Corinthian columns, with spreading leafy capitals. For a log-house, nothing is better than spruce, which runs pretty even in diameter for many feet. But there was no spruce at hand, at least not in sufficient numbers for our cabin; but, for durability, nothing could be better than the cedar of which we decided to build it. It was lighter to handle and easily worked. The only trouble was that, while the butts were large, the trees did not hold their diameter, so that a twenty-two feet log was much smaller at the top than at the bottom. But this could be remedied by reversing the logs in laying them up, so that the large butt of one log would rest on the small end of another. Thirty-two trees were chosen. Blow after blow rang through the forest; and tree after tree fell, crashing into the heavy underbrush below. Then the limbs were cut off, and roads were cut through the brush to draw them. Farmer Bigelow, with Gypsey and a

good log-chain, spent the most of a day in hauling them to the site of the cabin.

The corner-stone of the new building was laid without ceremony. I say corner-stone. But a very big boulder would have been needed under the southwestern corner of our cabin, to make the foundation as level as it was when about a ton of stone was carried from the lake shores and piled up into a solid pier. Four heavy logs were chosen for the foundation. The logs running longitudinally were laid first. A notch called "a saddle" was cut in each end. The cross-pieces were then laid on, with notches cut to fit into the logs beneath them. Then another tier of logs was laid on these in the same manner. And so the cabin proceeded, growing not brick by brick, but log by log and tier by tier. It required ten logs on each side, or forty in all, to insure a wall seven feet in height; and from this the roof was to spring sharply to a peak. Some of the logs were unpropitious, but King's incisive axe hewed them into shape. The rafters were cut from cedar poles. Beams

were laid across from wall to wall to bind the building and to provide for a loft at each end of the cabin five feet in width, leaving a space of ten feet in the centre, in which the rustic rafters were exposed to view.

The builder of a frame-house generally puts in the openings for windows as he goes along. The windows and doors of a log-cabin are put in after all the walls are up. The places for windows and doors are then marked. A log is hewed out with an axe, and the rest of the window or door is cut with a cross-cut saw. A place for the chimney is cut in the same way. The Shaybacks had decided, in lieu of windows in the side of the cabin, to have two large doors at each end, making an opening six feet in width, so that in pleasant weather the doors might be swung back and the breezes sweep through from the lake. It was also a part of their plan, yet to be fulfilled, to have windows in the doors and in the gable ends. Boards for the flooring and the roof and shingles were obtained at Fitch Bay, six miles away. Not so easy, however,

was it to get all the material. Not one of the three stores in Georgeville had a shingle-nail. An order was sent to Magog, by the evening stage. But Mr. Shayback rowed to Georgeville before breakfast the next morning only to find that no shingle-nails were to be had in Magog. Taylor, one of the storekeepers, was sure that the twenty pounds needed might be borrowed of Rat Packard, who was building a house a mile and a half away. The pilgrimage across the fields for this purpose was unsuccessful ; and, finally, Mr. Shayback determined, as there were no shingle-nails in Canada, to send to the United States of America by the steamer *Lady of the Lake*. The errand, kindly accepted by a venerable friend, was promptly executed ; and the shingle-nails were at hand in the afternoon, ready for use the next morning.

An equal difficulty was experienced in getting lime for our mortar. An order was sent to Magog by the *Mountain Maid*. But there was no lime in Magog. We then essayed to telegraph to Newport, but the telegraph did

not work. Finally, after two days' delay, it was learned that lime could be obtained in a kiln across the lake, two miles from the water. A skiff and two men were sent for it, but an ox-team had to be hired on the other side to draw the three barrels necessary. Lime is not the only thing to which the word *slack* is applicable in this region. It is this moderation in movement and freedom from excitement which makes the vicinage of this lake a desirable soothing place for inflammable and restive people.

As good brick could be found on the site of our old camp at Merriman's, less than a mile away, and also excellent sand for our mortar, all the men and the boys in camp made a voyage with Joe Hughes and his barge to the brick kiln ; and while Burbank loaded the sand, the others selected the eight hundred brick which the estimate required. The miscalculation in brick was afterwards repaired by a voyage in two of the skiffs, in which Mrs. Ganzbach and Mrs. Shayback handled two hundred more brick with indus-

try, if not with professional facility. There was at first some dispute among the natives as to what knowledge of the bricklayer's art would suffice to build a fireplace and a chimney. But all agreed that Vaughn across the lake could make the best job, notwithstanding the timidity he had about crossing the lake in a small boat. He proved to be a "workman that needed not to be ashamed."

To the uninitiated, it was not clear what was to be done with the great yawning cracks, sometimes two inches in width, which lay between the tiers of logs. But to King, who had laid up many a log-house, this presented no difficulty. Strips of wood and branches of trees were nailed into the crevices, and then the chinks between the logs were plastered inside and out with mortar. A log-cabin treated in this way is one of the warmest of houses. Sometimes, moss and clay are used for pointing between the chinks, where lime and sand cannot be had.

During the ten days in which it was going up, every step in its evolution was watched

by the campers with as much interest as Silas Lapham watched his house on the water-side of Beacon Street; and every one of the campers, large and small, without distinction of sex, had something to do with rearing it. Mr. Ganzbach and Mr. Shayback helped to hew off the limbs, to carry the trees, and under King's direction to "lay them up." It was Mr. Shayback's further mission to secure material and labor, and, with Dio's help, to dig the foundation for the chimney. It was a matter of pride to Mrs. Shayback and Frank that they shingled about half of the roof.

"It tickled me," said King, "to see a woman do that. She beat my father-in-law, and I plagued him a good deal about it when we got home."

The locker in the corner was Calvin's special work. He also laid much of the floor, and chinked the logs, and put on the locks. The children handled the brick and ran on errands. Even our guests took hold. Cousin Alfred was used to the saw and hammer; and it was he who ran to the blacksmith's at the

right time, and got him to forge the eyes for the hanging of the crane; nor will our ministerial guest from Boston be likely to forget the weight of those enormous hearthstones which we carried on a barrow from the lake to the cabin. But King, our French Canadian, who was the builder-in-chief, bears off the palm for industry and skill. His fame as a hewer, developed in more than one ship-yard in the United States, extends far and wide. As an expert with the broad-axe, we would match him against any man in Canada. It was a wonder and a delight to see the precision with which the broad-axe, in hewing along a line, would strike in the same place every time, and leave the log almost as smooth as if it had been planed.

It was not until Saturday evening, three days before the day set to break camp, that the cabin was sufficiently completed to be habitable. For three delightful Sundays the Shaybacks had held religious services in their grove temple. Here, in the open aisles of this leafy bower, the campers gathered, sup-

plemented by a few friends from the village, constituting a regular audience of about twenty. The Gothic cathedral is said to be an imitation of a grove, with its lines pointing skyward. But nature has not been dwarfed by the imitation. No structure reared by human hands seemed more beautiful than this God-wrought temple in which the camp was gathered. Not the cedars of Lebanon were more reverent or beautiful than these which rose in stately solemnity, while the white birches mingled their quivering branches with the evergreen in the fretted groining of the roof. If there were no galleries in this grove temple, the campers easily made them by swinging six or eight of their hammocks between the pillars. Perhaps if hammocks were permitted to be swung between the columns of our city churches, church-going would be more popular in drowsy weather.

But the last Sunday in camp was not propitious for out-of-door worship. It was then that the log-cabin became our meeting-house. The altar fire was lighted on the hearth ; and,

while we "mused, the fire burned." The dedicatory sermon was preached by the pastor of the oldest religious society in Boston,¹ albeit the dedication which it implied was rather that of the temple of the Holy Ghost than of this little log-cabin. When the Puritan settlers landed in New England, they first worshiped in the grove, and then in their rude little meeting-house. So it was fitting that the voice of thanksgiving, praise, and prayer should be the first consecration of our Canadian cabin.

The campers determined to have a house-warming, or shall I call it a house-freezing, when ice-cream and the fire on the hearth contended for the supremacy. Mr. Shayback trolled all day, in the vain endeavor to induce a large lake trout to attend the evening ceremonies. But other invitations issued, with a much smaller spoon for bait, were more politely honored by our friends in the village. A large back-log sawed by two of the ladies with a cross-cut saw was put in the fireplace,

¹ First Parish, Dorchester, Rev. C. R. Eliot, pastor.

and the pile made ready to light. A heavy frieze of golden-rod was hung all around the cabin. A branch of scarlet-tinted maple leaves found in the woods seemed to have ripened especially for the occasion. Three large, brilliant kerosene lamps were hung from the rafters, supplemented by candles and Chinese lanterns. Such afghans and cushions as the camp possessed were spread on boxes and benches to give color as well as ease to the scene. It was just at dusk when the sound of merry voices was heard on the water; three boat-loads from the village brought the doctor, his daughter, and a friend. Montreal, Boston, and New York, as well as Georgeville, were represented by the guests present. Guests and campers numbered twenty-seven in all. It was deemed appropriate that the fire should be lighted by the oldest and the youngest member present, there being just seventy years between their ages. As a Canadian King had built the cabin it was fitting that a Boston Prince should preside at the house-warming. Then little Arthur for-

mally delivered the key to Mr. Shayback, who received it with the same mute eloquence with which it was conveyed. The huge caldron of chocolate which the camp ladies prepared was distributed with oaten flakes, the nearest approach to a delicacy left in the camp larder. Mrs. Packard's generous gift of ice-cream from the village was gratefully accepted, and imparted a genial chill to the occasion. The social festivity was concluded by all joining in singing "Auld Lang Syne." But it was long after the guests had departed before the fire on the hearth was quenched and the Shaybacks retired to their fragrant couches for the last night in camp.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SHAYBACK AT MUSTER.

THE best way to go to war is to do so in time of peace. You are then free from many inconveniences. You avoid long and distressing marches. You are seldom absent from your home for any great length of time. Your diet is more equable. Your uniform, hanging on a hook in the clothes-press three fourths of the time, is in much less danger of being soiled than if exposed to the dust, rain, or blood-stains of active service. If moth-holes are less honorable than bullet-holes, there is this to be said in their favor: they pierce the uniform when the wearer is not inside of it. The needed ventilation for the militia man's attire is obtained in the exposure of armory drill or dress parade rather than in more disastrous exposure to an ene-

my's fire. If the militia man belong to the cavalry, or if as an officer he is entitled to ride, he may civilly turn his military horse to advantage in many directions. He may drive him to a truck, put him on a milk route, hitch him in a doctor's gig, or use him for family purposes, till the trumpet sounds the "assembly," when this same steed, bridled and caparisoned, like the battle-horse of Job, "goeth on to meet the armed men; his neck is clothed with thunder; the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword."

Such were the thoughts which revolved in Mr. Shayback's mind, when he was invited to accept a position as chaplain in the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. It seemed to him that the time was then exceedingly propitious for serving his country. Having offered his services some twenty years before to the United States Navy, under circumstances of health which forbade the government from accepting them, Mr. Shayback's pride was

restored to its full height by this overture from the State of Massachusetts, communicated to him through one of its ablest and most gracious colonels.

“Framingham, fair cup-bearer, leaf-cinctured Hebe of the deep-bosomed queen sitting by the seaside on the throne of the six nations.” So wrote Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when, on returning from his “*Hunt after the ‘Captain’*” during the war, he passed through Framingham, Mass., with his wounded son on the train. If Dr. Holmes had visited Framingham during the week we are about to describe, he would have found leaf-cinctured Hebe engaged in a different but still highly classical operation, that of putting in running order the special war chariots of the Boston and Albany Railroad.

“Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polished axle steel.”

Homer did not know that car wheels are made of paper.

“Athena hath laid aside her woven vesture, and arrayed her in armor for dolorous battle.” Upon her head, she has set her crested golden helmet, and gone forth into the camp of the Greeks at Framingham. Under a similar inspiration, awakened by a general order from the commanding officer, Mr. Shayback put on his warlike garb and prepared to go to the same place.

Massachusetts is fortunate in a good many things, and she is fortunate in having a fine ground on which the troops of the State may assemble for their yearly exercise. It is a level, unbroken plain of large extent, fenced in, provided with an arsenal, and with permanent quarters for the general commanding the brigade and his staff. It is without beauty of scenery, unless we take the word *scene* in its original Greek sense, meaning a *tent*, a *camp*. In that sense, no place in the State has so much scenery during two weeks of the year as Framingham. The tents for fifteen hundred men cover a broad strip of this field, running its whole extent. They

are laid out with military precision, and form a pleasing picture to the eye, especially if one sees them from the north side, where the unæsthetic kitchens are hidden from view. If now "the fair cup-bearer" had only poured a river into this valley, we should have here a perfect camp ground for military purposes. The drinking water now obtained from wells may eventually be had from a small pond lying outside the grounds and not affected by its drainage; but no military camp is complete without a place for the soldiers to bathe.

Pursuant to order, Mr. Shayback assembled himself at the headquarters of his regiment in Pemberton Square, Boston. The field and staff were present in full force, and one by one the eight companies reported for duty. Some were rather slim in numbers, the interests of employers sometimes conflicting with the interests of the State. The large companies of war times, when a hundred men marched under command of one captain, no longer exist. The plethoric drum was there, and the sonorous instruments of the band,

waiting for that intelligent inspiration which should convert them all into sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. The rattling drum corps, with the compact and facile drum-major and his magic staff, were there too. The word of command was given by the colonel, the drums pulsed with rhythmic beats, the brass lungs vented their brazen music, and the whole regiment moved off in equal step, as if animated throughout by a single will.

The regiment reached the depot, and was on the train two minutes ahead of the time required! Railroads perform this good service for the community: they keep up the ideal and the necessity of promptness. And Colonel Bancroft showed how promptness could be organized into a military virtue. Mr. Shayback would fain inquire here how it is that a thousand people can gather together at a railroad depot two or three minutes before the train starts; but, if the same number of people were expecting to go to church, about one third of them would come in after the service had begun.

Arriving at South Framingham, the field and staff mounted their horses, and the regiment triumphantly marched to the camp ground. A gracious shower the previous night had laid the dust. The pathway was one of pleasantness and peace.

Halting his men on the camp ground, the colonel made them a brief speech before dismissing them to their quarters, exhorting them to remember that they came for two things: *first*, to do their duty; and, *secondly*, to have a good time. Then, the work of the week began. A busy week it was too. A detail of soldiers sent up on the previous day had, under the direction of the regimental quartermasters and the brigade engineer, pitched all the tents. The canvas city was soon occupied, and the effects of men and officers neatly arranged within them. Each of the officers rejoiced in two wall tents nine by eleven, placed end to end, the front one serving as a sitting-room, the second as a bedroom. The men divided up into squads were also quartered in wall tents. No A or shelter

tents were used. Let them be reserved for the horrors of war. The State wisely determines to make its men as comfortable as possible during their stay in camp. The tents are provided with board floors, and the ground is so even that they require little leveling.

In strange contrast to these felicitous interiors with their wooden floors, cots, washstands, tables, and curtained wardrobes, Mr. Shayback recalled the many times he had pitched his tent on a cactus bed and cast his buffalo skin on the side he had cleared from its dominion, always being careful, however, to keep the uprooted spines out of his blankets. He does not forget how his active imagination converted one of these spines into a rattlesnake which bit him one night in the foot, and caused him to bound from his bed without waiting for the reveille. Nor does he forget that night when they camped on a bed of glacial drift in Western Dakota, where there were not only enough stones to furnish a pillow like that of Jacob's, but also

enough to furnish a whole mattress. Such a mattress is not so elastic as one made of springs or spruce boughs.

The Massachusetts militia is nearly equally divided into two brigades. Instead of regimental encampments as in New York, a whole brigade camps together; the first brigade in June and the second in July. When fully occupied by three regiments of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and a battalion of artillery, the camp at Framingham presents a decidedly military aspect. The sound of bugle and drums, the pacing of the sentinels, the evolutions of companies and regiments on the field, the galloping of horses, the music of the bands, the crack of the rifle at the shooting range, and the reverberations of the morning and evening gun, all furnish the spectator or participant with the most warlike associations. But to Mr. Shayback there was one thing lacking to the perfect military aspect of the camp. It was the absence of the army wagon and the army mule. Having formed an intimate acquaintance with that element of

discord, impiety, and utility, Mr. Shayback could not overlook his absence from a military camp. But he wore no mourning on his arm or in his heart. Had the army mule abounded at this camp, his duties as chaplain would have been greatly increased; and he would have been far less fitted to exercise them. Every mule team needs two chaplains, one to look after the religious education of the teamster and the other to suppress the irreligion of the mules. Were this idea carried out, a place might be found for all the unsettled ministers of Massachusetts. But, whatever moral force might be summoned against him, we are sure the mule would be triumphant in the long run. An animal who carries his sense of humor, his sense of justice, and his capacity for argument all in his heels, cannot always be reached by appeals to his head and heart. The teamster follows another course, and addresses his ears and his hide. Will some competent moralist inform us whether it is the teamster that first corrupts the mule or the mule that first corrupts the teamster?

If the Adjutant-General had drawn a requisition on the Signal Service Bureau for excellent weather, the order could not have been better fulfilled. Tuesday, the air was crisp and cool, a steady breeze blew through the camp. A fine shower on Wednesday night laid the dust and cleansed the air. A mischievous gale of wind blew down the mess-tent of the band. It would have been of more service, if it had inflated their instruments. It is a constant marvel to Mr. Shayback how a band can blow a whole week with pneumatic constancy without exhausting themselves and exhausting the atmosphere. Friday morning, the spirits of the men were dampened by the rain that gently pattered on their tents; but it was simply Pluvius kindly driving a watering-cart above. The sun came out fiercely before noon, and helped to bake necks and faces to a healthy brown. The interest which the boys felt in camp is shown in the way they turned out. The regimental commanders were correspondingly gratified, and General Peach's countenance

bloomed with general satisfaction. A less degree of satisfaction would not accord with his rank.

Each day was packed as full of military exercises as it could hold, and the men filled in the chinks of time by playing base ball. Colonel Pennington, of the regular army, whose red plume is yearly welcomed at the encampment, makes a report to the government, which his well-trained eye, acute observation, and ample experience can well furnish. I may say, however, that, viewed from a chaplain's standpoint, the moral condition of the camp was, on the whole, very gratifying. I do not mean that a military camp-meeting is precisely like a religious one. The sources of refreshment are apt to be entirely different. In any camp of eighteen hundred men there are always some who do not know how to have a good time. Excess is sure to defeat enjoyment. I am persuaded that, if more men came to get a prescription from the chaplain, fewer would need to get a prescription from the surgeon. The spirit which

needs to be exorcised from a military camp is the demon of the demijohn. It is gratifying to note, however, the general good order which prevailed both day and night. The chaplain's duties were therefore extremely light. Father Lee, the chaplain of the Ninth, established a tax on profanity in his regiment. The small amount of revenue derived from it indicates the self-restraint which the presence of the chaplain evoked. How much profanity occurred out of his hearing, it would not be courtesy to reckon. Troopers are supposed to be more addicted to this vice than foot soldiers. Perhaps the best test of such an experiment would be to try it in the cavalry.

It is one of the felicities of military life that you do not have to map out your time. Your time is mapped out for you. The bugle and the drum deal it out in installments. Reveille sounded at 5.45 A. M.; surgeon's call at 6.15, when the sick and wounded gathered around the doctor's tent; breakfast at 6.45; adjutant's call (guard mounting) at 8.30;

drill, 9.30; recall, 11.30; orderly hours, 12.00 M.; dinner, 12.30 P. M.; drill, 3.00; recall, 4.30; dress parade and retreat, 5.30; inspection and muster, immediately after dress parade; supper, 6.45; tattoo, 10.30; taps, 11.00. The amount of work exacted from the soldier in drills and guard duty is considerable; but it is the opinion of Mr. Shayback that no soldiers worked quite so hard during the camp as the colonel and his adjutant.

The rations at camp, dispensed as they are by hired caterers, are somewhat more varied and liberal than they are in the regular army. There are civilians who wonder, when the soldiers march back to their homes, how they can look so well after living a whole week on hard-tack and bacon.

The chaplain and the rest of the regimental staff are excused from all drills but reviews, dress parades, and inspections. At inspections, the chaplain follows around between the ranks on the tail end of the staff, like a snapper on the end of a whip, and examines with great solemnity the uniforms

of the men to see that the brasses are brightened, that the coats are well buttoned, and the belts put on sufficiently tight to endanger the digestion of the wearer. As eight officers precede the chaplain in this inspection, there is very little left for him to say. It becomes with him mainly a study of physiognomy. He endeavors to probe the heart which lies beneath the coat. While the rest of the field and staff are measuring the man's body, the chaplain is trying to inspect his soul. Not all men wear their hearts on their sleeves. The task of the religious inspector is therefore more difficult than the superficial work of his associates.

The position of a chaplain on a regimental staff is one of peculiar responsibility in all military evolutions. His position is on the extreme left. This responsibility he shares with the surgeon, whose position is on the extreme right. The other staff officers are sandwiched between them. It is not easy to describe military evolutions to men and women of purely domestic tastes. Imagine a

row of five muffins in a bake-pan. The surgeon would represent the muffin on the right end and the chaplain the muffin on the left. The rest of the "dough boys"—the quartermaster, assistant surgeon, and paymaster—fill in between. The term "muffin" is chosen entirely at random, and has only a metaphoric significance. The term "dough boy" is an army name for an infantry man. The surgeon may be supposed to symbolize the body of the regiment and the chaplain to symbolize its soul. In all evolutions, it is necessary to wheel on either the soul or the body. Sometimes the chaplain occupies the humble office of pivot, while the surgeon describes an arc. Sometimes, the surgeon is the pivot and the chaplain the describer. All that is necessary for the rest of the staff is to remain between these layers like the inside of a well-ordered pie which refuses to ooze out of the crust.

In some regiments, the drill of the staff is greatly neglected. There is no sight more pathetic to a military man than a staff which is completely demoralized from a failure to

recognize the proper ubiquities of its position. The private soldier in the ranks sacrifices his individuality on drill; it is the privilege of staff officers to retain theirs, with all the disastrous consequences this may involve. When the call sounds for dress parade, the staff are always ready. They have succeeded in adjusting their helmet cords under their right arms, have given their plumes to the breeze, mounted their restive steeds, and are ready for the glory which awaits them. Another bugle note from headquarters trembles on the air. The various companies from the regiments march out in quick time; and, amid the shouting of their captains, the colonel, and the adjutant, form a double line in front of the company streets. The staff, with bridles in one hand and swords firmly clinched in the other, await future action at a distance of thirty-three yards in the rear. In time of war, such a position has its advantages. As the chaplain has no sword to clinch and his only weapon is a lead pencil concealed in his vest pocket, he either

clinch his right fist on the bridle, or drops his hand gracelessly by his side. It is about this time that the embarrassment of the staff begins.

“What do we do next?” says one who is serving his first tour of duty.

“Well,” replies the surgeon, “we go up at the command of ‘Rear, Open Order.’”

“No,” replies the quartermaster, “wait for the order, ‘Field and Staff to the Front.’”

The quartermaster insists that he is right, the surgeon insists that he is wrong.

The paymaster confesses that he crammed on the subject before leaving his tent. All make the same confession. None are able to agree as to what the book says.

“I tell you,” says one, “it is ‘Rear, Open Order.’”

“I will bet you a hat,” says another, “that it is ‘Field and Staff to the Front.’”

The chaplain suggests that it would be a good plan to leave the question to their horses. They would probably know what to do better than their riders. Indeed, Professor

Bartholomew's educated horses seem to go through the most intricate evolutions without riders at all, and perhaps with less embarrassment than if they had them.

Meantime, the colonel, in his stentorian voice, shouts out, "*Rear, Open Order.*"

"I told you so," says the surgeon.

"*March!*" cries the colonel.

The staff, as if animated by a sudden inspiration, put spurs to their horses, and race off for their positions on the right flank, on the line of the company officers. The movement may lack dignity, but it has the virtue of promptness. The alignment is somewhat unsteady.

"Well, we got up here," says one.

"Yes," says another; "and I think, all things considered, we did pretty well."

The chaplain asks the assistant surgeon and quartermaster to dress up on the surgeon. The paymaster reminds the chaplain that he should be about six yards from the line of company officers. The regimental adjutant, who is slightly in the rear of the

staff, cautions them to have their swords ready for the *present*. He observes that one of the staff has forgotten to draw his sword. The officer reminded brings it to a carry.

“*Present!*” cries Adjutant Fry. The staff bring the handles of their swords to their chins, and hold them up like bowsprits.

“*Arms!*” from Adjutant Fry; and the swords drop together with glittering unanimity.

“Well done,” whispers the chaplain. “I congratulate you, gentlemen, on not having cut off your horses’ ears.”

If it is a dress parade, the staff remain stock-still thenceforth until the parade is dismissed. If it is a review, the staff have the further task of wheeling to the right, and following the colonel in good order at a distance of six yards. They must also salute with their instruments of death in good time with the colonel, when they pass the reviewing officer, all save the chaplain indeed, who does not salute on review.

When the staff has the temerity to engage

in a battalion drill, the opportunity for disension concerning their appropriate position is greatly increased. Their chief responsibility at such a time seems to be to keep out of the way of the regiment. The position of the staff is thirty-three yards in the rear of the regiment; and should the colonel order the regiment "*About face!*" the staff find themselves obliged to get around on the other side as quickly as possible. They may not get there simultaneously, but they get there consecutively, and usually in time to get out of the way of the next move. And this is the most important service they render on drill; but if their services were relaxed at any other time the regiment would seriously feel it. Perhaps the chaplain's office is an exception. Any relaxation in the religious services, which are held at least twice during the week, may possibly be deemed a boon.

I cannot take further space to describe everything delectable, curious, engaging, or mysterious in our military encampment. Regimental concerts are held every evening.

The artillery and the cavalry vie with each other in their display of Chinese lanterns and other decorations, as well as in the promptness with which they move off the field after dress parade. Thousands of visitors flock to the grounds on Thursday, and on Friday, when the Governor comes to review the troops, the interest of the week culminates. Mr. Shayback has for four years accompanied the Second Brigade of the Massachusetts militia to its annual encampment and has invariably visited the First Brigade. The result has been to increase his respect for the Massachusetts militia. The old time muster days have passed away, a new and higher order of discipline is maintained. More orderly camps he has never seen. The men are manly, courteous, and good-natured; the officers generous and gentlemanly. And to Mr. Shayback it was a satisfaction to think that on the following Monday all these men and officers would return to the store, the shop, the workman's bench, the anvil, the clerk's desk, the lawyer's office, and the va-

rious avocations of civil life, to devote themselves assiduously to the arts of peace, — all the better, we trust, for the lessons of obligation, courtesy, and practical service which they have received in the art of war.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAMP LIFE IN INDIA. — THE VALLEY OF THE GODAVERY.

OWL'S HEAD, so often referred to in these pages, looked down on the cradle of the present writer, and Memphremagog was the first lake to mirror the skies before her. But circumstances in after years bade her exchange the Green Mountains for the Ghauts, and the frosty air of New England for the tropical climate of India. The new home was on the table-land of the Deccan where it sweeps gradually down to the fertile valley of the Godavery. It stood on the banks of a small river, tributary to that noble stream, amid acacia and tamarind trees and half hidden with roses and luxuriant vines. Here the days came and went swift as a weaver's shuttle, with little to break the monotony of

study. At last it was proposed, one charming day in December, that we should go out touring; for that was the name given to the annual custom of going about from village to village, spending a few days in each, to visit schools and oversee the work of the native teachers.

As no provision for white visitors is made in Hindoo villages it is always necessary to go, like the snail, provided with a house. To the young enthusiastic girl of nineteen this seemed, as it proved, a delightfully romantic way of becoming intimately acquainted with Eastern manners and customs, and the love of tent-life then enkindled has never grown less.

It was approaching Christmas time, but the air was clear and dry. On the coldest nights the mercury never dropped below 56° Fahrenheit, and at noon it soared away among the nineties. There was no fear of rain or showers, for the wet season was over and the whole country was clad in the matchless verdure that the rains had left behind. The

sugar-cane fields looked like miniature forests ; the green wheat swayed in the soft air ; the cotton was bursting its bolls and the peanut and sweet-potato vines wove a close fabric over the brown earth. The trees were in their most beautiful array and the gardens were smiling with plenty. What wonder that "touring" amid such tropical beauty looked fascinating in advance ?

The tinkling of bells on the bullocks' necks in the "compound," or door-yard, announced that the preparations were almost complete. Good Mulkoo, the Hindoo cook, had packed everything necessary for the culinary department in a chest with strong handles and a good lock. This chest was to be his kitchen, china-closet, store-room, and sideboard for a month. Nothing was forgotten that could possibly be needed. There was first the folding tripod which was to serve as a cooking range ; a nest of copper sauce-pans freshly tinned by the traveling tinman ; a "kujah," or porous water-jar ; dainty china for four persons ; glass, silver, napkins, and table-cloths ; a

bottle of curry powder, small packages of sundry spices and condiments not easily obtained in the villages, and a supply of rice and sugar. For fruit and vegetables we were to depend on the villagers' gardens; for milk on their buffaloes, from which sweet butter would every morning be made by churning in a leathern bottle; for flour on the village women, who grind it daily in their rude stone mills; for meat on the poultry-yards of the natives, or on the unerring rifle of the head of the little camping party.

The cook's chest was lifted into the low two-wheeled cart. Beside it were placed a folding table, four folding chairs, two folding bamboo cots, a folding washstand, a wall tent, a marquee and a bundle of matting and rugs. Another small chest contained linen, blankets, and thin hair pillows. This cart was intrusted to a coal-black driver, whose scarlet turban and snowy dress gave him a brilliant air.

The next cart to drive up was covered and upholstered, with the cushions arranged in such a way that at night, by a little shifting,

the vehicle could be converted into a snug sleeping apartment, which two of the party were to occupy. Pockets and drawers and various hiding places furnished receptacles for books, stationery, toilet articles, and extra wraps. Both carts were drawn by small bullocks with a hump between their shoulders, well known in pictures as the "sacred cattle of India." They are trained to trot, and they jog along from four to six, rarely eight, miles an hour. They are driven by ropes and a ring through the nose, as the natives decline to pollute themselves by using leather reins on account of religious scruples. Little "Brownie," a gentle pony, ambled alongside, to be ridden in turn by the four as a change from the monotonous jar of the bullock cart, the full Turkish trousers of the neat taffeta gymnastic suits worn by the ladies enabling them to use the man's saddle not only with ease but enjoyment. It is much less conspicuous for a woman to ride astride in India, after the fashion of the Hindoo and Mohammedan women. A woman on a side-saddle

would have been a seven days' wonder to them.

The native roads are mere paths among the fields, but the highways between the main villages are macadamized and kept in good repair. As far as the eye can see, the country is covered with gardens and plantations, unbroken by fences or walls. Rarely a hedge interposes its green barrier, but the usual dividing lines are ridges of earth with small stones set up at intervals to mark the boundaries. On bits of grass land here and there shepherds are watching their flocks, and occasionally we come to a bit of wild land, as yet untamed by the hand of man, where we scare up a herd of tiny deer or a covey of birds. In the gardens, boys, standing on high scaffolds, are guarding the growing crops or frightening away marauding birds with stones from a sling. It is too early for the wheat harvest, but the farmers are beating out the earthen threshing floors and preparing the great jars — large enough for Ali Baba's Forty Thieves — which serve as granaries for

the barley, millet, and wheat which will soon be ready for the sickle. Only when it is ready the people will pull the grain all up by the roots instead of using knife or sickle.

The first obstacle in the road is a small river, which we are to cross in a government ferry-boat, an unwieldy craft of such proportions that it can come only within ten feet of either shore. We must drive down the bank and into the river, and then up inclined planks to the deck, and down into the river on the other side before we can effect a landing. Many streams flow through this part of the country on their way to the beautiful Godavery, and twice more we are compelled to cross them. On both occasions the rivers are so high that the carts must be sent round to shallower fords while we, to save the extra drive, are put directly across. The first time we make the passage on the shoulders of two men, who lay their arms about each other's necks thus making a seat for us, while with the disengaged hands they hold our feet high out of the surging, roaring torrent which

sweeps up to their naked breasts and seems ready to engulf us as we attempt to cross. Vainly we try to clutch their smooth-shaven, well-oiled heads; their ears are the only projection to which we can cling. The next time we cross with less anxiety but without dry feet. The native ferry-boats at this ford are of two kinds; one, a sort of coracle, or tub, made of leather stretched over a bamboo frame, and which rides the water in a very ticklish fashion; the other, a skeleton of wood buoyed at the four corners by large empty water jars tightly bound to it by strips of bark, and by a lot of dry gourds, wrapped in a net and lashed to the lower part of the frame. Two of us at a time take the rude seat on this ruder raft and are propelled across the wide river by several men with gourds tied about their necks, and who half swim and half walk the water, steering with awkward paddles as they push us safely across.

We are not sorry when, before the day closes, we pause in a beautiful mango grove where our tents are to be pitched. The mar-

quee is pitched under the sheltering arm of a banyan-tree, which stretches out seventy feet horizontally, supported at various points by the aerial roots that it has sent down to the earth and which, taking firm hold, have grown to be tiny trunks. The tree has scores of these little trunks so that it is a grove in itself.

It is the work of but a few minutes to select the exact site of the sleeping tent, roll away the small stones, beat the ground to kill or drive away snakes, scorpions, or centipedes, burn it over to kill smaller pests, sprinkle it to lay dust and smoke, and spread over it the matting and rugs on which we are to tread, if the white ants do not devour the matting before morning.

The tent is 12×12 , with high walls, a fly, a door, and two windows. It is double throughout, white without and crimson within. Our furniture is unfolded and set in place, and in less time than it takes to describe it a charming room is ready for our occupancy. The monkeys in the grove, the parrots over-

head, and the innumerable black crows above, below, and everywhere scold us for breaking in upon their domain, but what care we? We sit in our tent door, like the patriarchs of old, and watch our faithful Mulkoo as he boils water over his tripod, sets up three stones against a tree and kindles a fire, over which as in Scripture time he "seethes a kid" and bakes unleavened cakes. From the neighboring village he brings delicious buffalo's milk, fresh eggs, mangoes, figs, grapes, and bananas, and in due time we have a supper fit for the gods, — too good for the gods of wood and stone all about us.

The moon rises and shines down through the glossy mango and banyan leaves and lights up the little group of servants at their simple repast of bread and fruit, and here and there wakes a bird to a single note. The air is intoxicating with the tropical breath of night, but above all the union of sweets we perceive the refreshing perfume of orange flowers from the garden at our right. But we tear ourselves away from this enchantment,

and drawing the mosquito bars over our door and windows retire for our first night under canvas, counting ourselves fortunate that the tent, rather than the cart, fell to our lot. The latter affords a more luxurious bed and is safer from serpents and smaller pests, but it shakes disagreeably in a wind, and one is often startled out of a sound sleep by a stray donkey or buffalo impertinently rubbing up against it.

Morning dawns as it never dawns anywhere but in tents, fresh and pure and radiant. We shake a scorpion out of a slipper where it has tented over night, barely escape treading on a six-inch centipede that is scurrying over the mat, and think no more of them than of a mouse or a squirrel in a New England camp. From the mud-walled village we can hear "the sound of the grinding" as the women turn the weary mills to grind meal for the daily bread, singing a low weird song as they work. The creak of the well is also in the air, where oxen are drawing up, by means of groaning pulleys, great skin buckets

of water to irrigate the gardens and supply the houses in the village. We hurry out for a glimpse of the morning and meet women in blue and scarlet and white returning from the well with water-pots upon their heads. Their faces are half hidden by their veils, but we can see the gleam of dark eyes and the flash of ear and nose rings, and hear the tinkle of bangles on wrists and ankles.

In a tamarind grove not far away is a gray stone temple, beautifully carved, and with the stones so perfectly laid that one could not insert a penknife blade between them. Within we can see a hideous idol and a stone bull on which he is supposed to ride. Several early devotees are making offerings of rice and oil and garlands of jessamine flowers.

We wander on through a meadow where bright-hued balsams and day-lilies grow wild. Along its edge lantanas, ten feet high, make natural hedges, and countless other flowers are scattered about, filling the air with sweetness. In the bed of an almost empty brook we find tall oleanders in great profusion, for

they love to grow where hidden waters feed their roots. We pick great handfuls of the fragrant and exquisite blossoms and return to camp to add them as the finishing touch to Mulkoo's breakfast of curried chicken and sweet potatoes.

At ten o'clock our pundit, a high caste Brahmin, comes to give us our daily lesson. He is a handsome man, with light brown skin, piercing black eyes, and well-cut features. He is dressed in spotless white flowing robes, a snowy turban on his shapely head. He is a delightful teacher and friend, this courtly Hindoo gentleman, Vishwanath. After wrestling for some hours with the mysteries of this Eastern tongue we accept his invitation to visit with him the ruined palace of a former Hindoo prince.

The old palace is not far from our mango grove. It was built hundreds of years ago of polished stone. The door is deep set in a stone archway. Above it is a projecting front of woodwork, so thoroughly carved as to present an unbroken mass of ornament.

Leaves, flowers, fruit, chains, and many fantastic forms are wrought out of the wood in the greatest confusion and clustered together in an endless variety of combination. Like all of the best Hindoo houses it is built about an open court with a fountain in the centre. Around this are galleries, the pillars supporting which are carved in the same elaborate style as the entrance. The palace is fast falling to decay. Common people dwell in the elegant galleries and stable their cattle in the spacious marble-paved area.

As we walk along the narrow streets of the village we notice that the people are all in gala dress. Even the horns of the cattle and goats are painted red and have tassels tied to them. This is in honor of a visit that a god from a neighboring village is to make to our idol under the tamarind-tree. The visit is made at night. The ugly image comes wrapped in cloth of gold and priceless Cashmere shawls, carried in a gilded palanquin and followed by an immense procession of worshipers. The air quivers with the musical

noise — it can hardly be called music — of scores of native instruments. Fireworks more beautiful than we ever dreamed of are burned in honor of the occasion, and though we cannot share the people's enthusiasm at the advent of the god, we vie with them in enjoyment of the display.

Our afternoons are given up to visiting the schools. The school-house is a low building open on one side to the weather, with a hard beaten earth floor on which the little urchins sit, and on which they are often caught playing jackstones when they ought to be learning their lessons. There are no girls among the scholars. The boys, entirely naked, or with a shirt-like frock, or only a waistcloth, but with plenty of ornaments and streaks of paint on their person, study aloud in a droning tone. But they recite with animation and show bright, quick intellects. The teachers are native, but they do not attempt to carry their pupils beyond the three R's.

So our camp life moves on without excitement and without adventure. Every few

days we change our site, visit new villages, become better acquainted with the simple, kindly people and their strange mythology, and more interested in their language and their education.

We always strike our tents early in the morning and often walk from village to village, six or eight miles, leaving the carts to follow. At one of the largest villages by which we tented we were invited to visit the house of the head-man, or Parteel, and we were nothing loath to see the inside of a high-caste Hindoo home, as foreigners are usually jealously excluded.

The house stood close on the street with no more imposing front than a high, smooth wall daubed with yellow wash, and with vermilion figures traced on the threshold. The doorway of wood was handsomely carved, but otherwise there was no ornamentation.

On entering we found ourselves in a square courtyard, in the centre of which a small fountain was playing into a dark stone basin, on whose borders a few plants were growing.

Sundry goats and chickens wandering about the yard detracted from the neatness and beauty of the place. Around the court stood the dwelling. There were eight rooms, four in the first and four in the second story. This was a house where one who wished to throw stones could live in safety, for there was no glass about it, not even a single window pane. The rooms had each three walls, the fourth side being open toward the court. The upper story was guarded by a light lattice-work running across the lower part of the room, with curtains above. The lower rooms could also be curtained off from the court. They were raised a step or two above the ground and the floors were of beaten earth.

We were ushered into the largest apartment, a reception-room for the Parteel's guests. He received us cordially, though looking hard at our feet to see if we really intended to come in with our shoes on. We also looked admiringly at his well-shaped, bare, brown feet, but were all silent on this subject. Here and there lay bright-colored

Turkish and Indian rugs, which lighted up the room wonderfully. In vain did we cast our eyes about for anything else. The Parteel motioned us to a seat on a rug on a divan that followed the wall on two sides of the room, setting the example by deftly folding up his legs and making use of them as a chair. In the twinkling of an eye we had each dropped in like manner upon a mat. What a forlorn home! No furniture, no pictures, no art treasures, no books, worse than all no womanly presence making itself felt as a benediction.

But the quick fire of Hindoo questions, unsurpassed by any Yankee's, left no time for reflection. What might our names be, how old were we, were we married, had we children and how many (always excepting the girls, who do not count to a Hindoo mind), and did we come in a ship, and what was a ship like, and what kept it from sinking, and was it true that we could walk on water in our land (ice), etc., etc., almost without end, with occasionally an exclamation at the description of new wonders and especially at

learning that we do not *always* do as our grandfathers did before us.

We modestly expressed a desire to see his wife and children. The Parteel acquiesced and withdrew, not to appear again, for it would be against all custom for husband and wife to appear together. Soon the hanging was drawn timidly aside and in slipped several women wearing their graceful drapery as only Hindoo women can, and two or three little children, the youngest riding astride her mother's hip, after the usual way of carrying babies. At first as we looked at these timid women we saw only the draped form and one eye, shining at an unknown depth of snow-white folds. By and by the veil fell lower and the whole face was visible. They belonged to the Parteel's household,—two or three were his wives, the others relatives. After them came a group of women, neighbors drawn thither by the reported visit. All seated themselves on the rugs. Many were dressed entirely in white, except the brilliant border of colored silk which is woven into

the fabric. The manner of dress is alike for all. It consists of two pieces of apparel, — a small, close-fitting jacket next the skin, low in the neck, short sleeved and open in front ; then a strip of cloth from eight to ten yards long and about a yard wide, which is wound about the body several times, a little looseness being given by laying a plait on one side, and the end brought around the shoulders and head so that the wearer is completely concealed, if she please, this one article serving as skirt, bodice, mantle, and veil, without the use of hook, button, or pin. It may be of any color, but indigo blue is the prevailing tint. The wealthy wear white. Beneath this dress the tiny feet steal out loaded with silver toe-rings, anklets, and jingling chains. The arms are covered with bangles, the fingers with rings, the neck with necklaces innumerable, from the tiny circlet about the throat to the heavy chain that rests on the swelling bosom. The ears are sometimes pierced in eight or ten places, each with an ornament thrust through ; the nostrils are also pierced

and disfigured with ornaments; the long, shining braids have coins tied here and there among them; upon the forehead rests a semi-circle of flat ornaments, held in place by a chain, and in the centre of the brow a bright spot of paint indicates that they are idol worshipers. If married — as they probably were while little more than infants — a string of tiny black beads is tied closely about the throat. This corresponds to the European's wedding ring, and is never voluntarily removed till widowhood. The eyebrows are stained with India ink; the nails are dyed scarlet and the teeth frequently painted black.

Such was the dress of the women before us, with the exception of one, who, in a dark garment with no visible ornament, sat apart in a corner. We asked if she were in sorrow, and were told that she was in deep grief because she was childless. “And that,” added one naively, “is not only a sorrow, but a great disgrace.”

Like simple children they studied our dress, shoes, stockings, gloves, hats, and handker-

chiefs with great curiosity, — a curiosity equal to our own, which, however, was better repressed. At times they exchanged among themselves glances of surprise and sometimes of contempt. Of course none of them could read. The Parteel himself laid claim to no such accomplishment. There is always a village scribe who can be called on to attend to matters of the pen.

Again with a slight rustle the curtain swung aside and a servant appeared, bearing a polished waiter covered with shining green leaves, a little lime, cardamom seeds, cloves, mace, and broken betel-nuts. Refreshments for the eye and nose, we thought. We were doomed to be undeceived. While we wondered and watched one of the women took a leaf in her hand, placed on it a trifle of mace, a little lime, a dozen cardamom seeds, and a bit of betel-nut; folded it up to about the size of a hazel-nut, pinned it with several cloves, and placed it in my fingers.

“What is it,” I very innocently asked.

“Pan supari,” she replied.

I looked very wise but continued to hold it, noticing at the same time that my companion had been also treated to one.

“Eat it,” urged my Hindoo hostess.

Now I have a horror of cloves acquired when a child from an old woman giving me a sugar-coated one in church to keep me still; and the thought of three cloves at once was enough to appall me, to say nothing of the hitherto untasted lime and other ingredients. But knowing something of Eastern ideas of hospitality, I feigned to obey by nibbling carefully around one of the cloves.

“Not so; eat it all and it will be sweet to your taste,” cried the little lady, and speaking in real earnest, for this is their most highly prized “goody.”

I began to mutter something about its size when a chorus of voices around me cried, “Eat, eat, or you are not our friend.”

With a heroic effort I thrust the unwelcome bite into my mouth and closed my lips. At first the taste was not disagreeable. In another moment mouth and throat were con-

verted into a burning furnace, it was so pungent and hot. The Hindoos from courtesy, and from fear of breaking caste by eating with foreigners, refrained from eating themselves. Turning to my friend, whom they had been "hospitably entreating" after the same fashion, I was startled to see her lips look as though bathed in blood.

"Do I look so too?" I exclaimed in horror. Yes, lips, tongue, and teeth were all of the brightest scarlet, and likely to remain so for a day or two.

The women were delighted. They clapped their hands, pointed to our lips, and said, "Now you are our friends indeed."

That closed the reception, and as we said adieu we were each presented with a cocoanut fresh picked from the trees in the garden. We were glad to shake the dust of the village off from our feet and cool our mouths with the delicious fruit.

Then we wandered on between grain-fields and gardens, resting now and then by a well, till we could see our tent under the lovely

tamarind trees that seemed to be nodding their well-shaped boughs in welcome. The feathery leaves were fairly dancing in the light of the setting sun, save those that the shadows had already touched, which were folded face to face and would soon be sleeping like the birds among them.

Many a day has come and gone since that fair month, and the shadows have touched the lives of three of those who then camped in the valley of the Godavery, and they too have fallen asleep; their earthly tabernacles are folded for aye, and along with the memory of this first bit of camp life that we shared together come memories that are too deep and sweet for words.